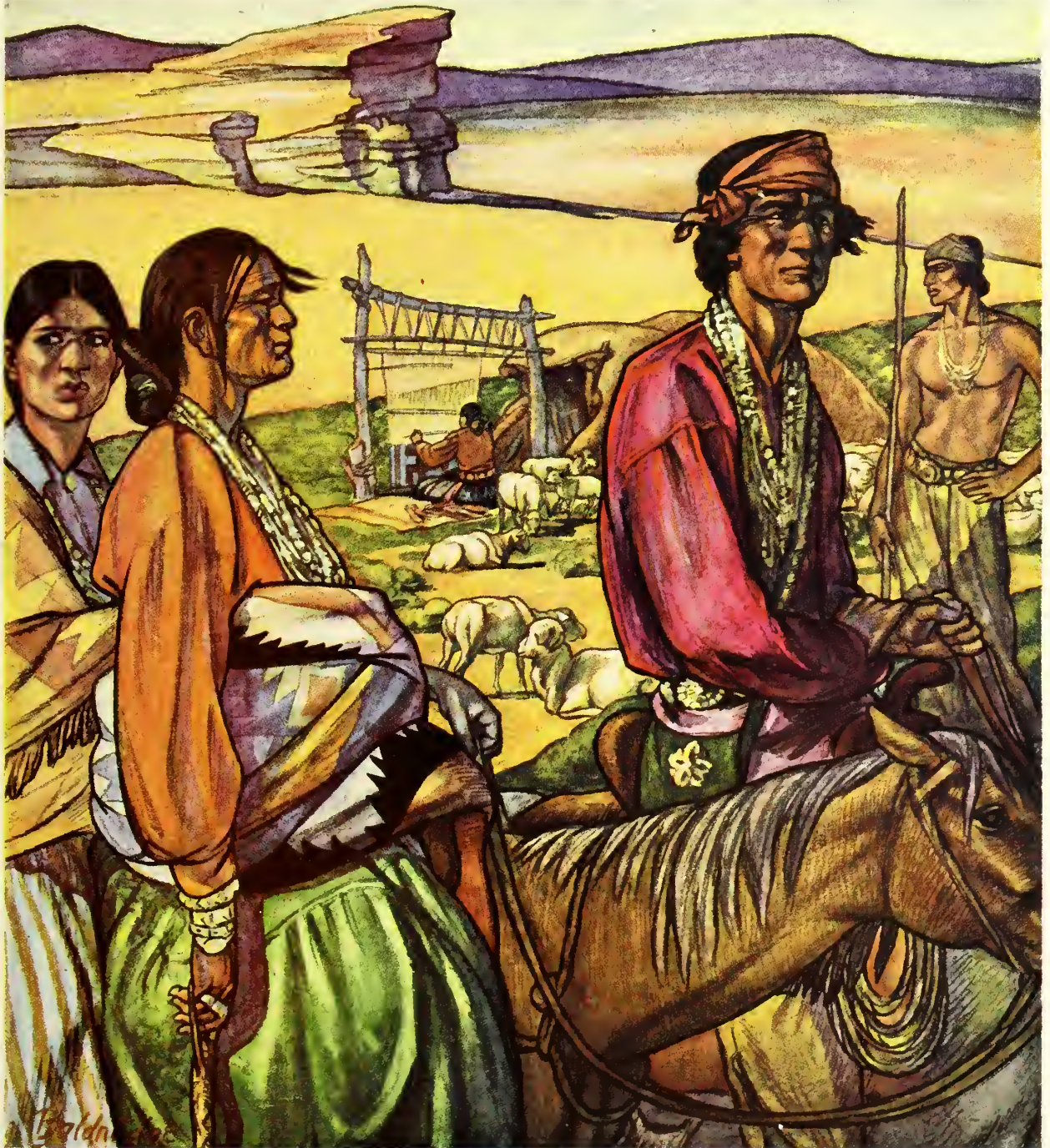


# *The* **A** **MERICAN** **L** **EGION** *Monthly*



HUGH WILEY — DAVID LAWRENCE  
COMMODORE HERBERT HARTLEY

— COMING: —

*The Most Important Contribution to the Story of America's Part  
in the World War that Has Ever Been Made Public. See Page 16*



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# The AMERICAN LEGION *Monthly*

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## THE STARS IN THE FLAG

**S**OUTH DAKOTA: The 40th State, admitted to the Union Nov. 2, 1889. France ceded it to the United States under the Louisiana Purchase Treaty, Apr. 30, 1803. Congress organized Dakota Territory, Mar. 2, 1861. It had been included in Louisiana Territory Mar. 3, 1805, and on June 4, 1812, in Missouri Territory. It once included within its boundaries bits of what is now Michigan, Wisconsin, Iowa, Minnesota, Nebraska and Montana. The history of South Dakota is one with its sister State to the north, until both were admitted to the Union as twin commonwealths on the same day and year, Nov. 2, 1889, six days before Montana, and nine days before the State of Washington. Population, 1860, 4,837; 1928 (U. S. est.), 704,000. Percentage of urban population (communities of 2,500 and over), 1900, 10.2; 1910, 13.1; 1920, 16.0. Area, 77,615 sq. miles. Density of population (1920 U. S.



Census), 8.3 per sq. mile. Rank among States (1920 U. S. Census), 37th in population, 14th in area, 40th in density. Capital, Pierre (1920 U. S. Census), 3,209. Three largest cities (1920 U. S. Census), Sioux Falls, 25,202; Aberdeen, 14,537; Watertown, 9,400. Estimated wealth (1923 U. S. Census), \$2,925,968,000. The principal sources of wealth: All crops (1920 U. S. Census) valued at \$321,202,000, the leading crops being wheat, oats, barley, and the hardier fruits; shipped livestock, \$154,631,000; dairy, fruit and poultry, \$50,000,000; creamery products (1923 U. S. Census), \$10,630,543; gold from mines (1926), \$5,932,000. South Dakota had 32,038 men and women in service during the World War. State motto,

Under God the People Rule. Origin of name: It is a Sioux name meaning "Alliance of friends." Named for the Dakotah Indian tribe. Nicknames: Coyote, Sunshine.

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# The Florsheim Shoe



# 850,000 STRONG



By  
Frank  
Samuel

*Assistant National Adjutant, The American Legion*

*Legion standards and  
Old Glory pass in re-  
view as the Massachusetts  
Bay Colony Tercentenary Cele-  
bration officially opens with ceremonies  
on Boston Common*

**A**MERICAN LEGION history was made early this summer when the big National Headquarters blackboard at Indianapolis bearing the roll call by States showed that the Legion's membership, which had been going up gradually for five years, had passed 850,000. This total was the largest membership in the history of The American Legion. It overtopped the preceding record, which had been made in 1920—a year in which were enrolled many Legionnaires who were merely dotted-line members, men who simply signed a charter application and promptly forgot all about it.

It is significant that the total membership has shown a sizable gain in each of the last six years, and there is reason to believe that the upward curve which began in 1925 will continue for many more years. Just how large the Legion's potential membership is today is difficult to estimate, but certainly it cannot be estimated even roughly by the simple process of subtracting the estimated number of service men who have died since the World War from the total number who served. Approximately 4,500,000 men survived the war, and of these perhaps 250,000 have died since.

The great ranks of potential Legionnaires—men who have never joined—are composed of men who have been so busy with the complicated affairs of their own lives for ten years that they simply have overlooked the Legion's claim to their allegiance.

The truth seems to be that the Legion's growth in membership is proportionate to the appreciation of the things it is doing. Each new year many thousands of men join for the first time because they have had tangible evidences of the advantages of being a Legionnaire. Some men require more evidence than others to convert them to the point of getting on the dotted line. In this year of 1930 it must have been evident to every non-Legionnaire service man that the Legion was fighting his battles for him.

Congress this year has passed no fewer than five major laws of interest to service men. Four of them carried out in full recommendations presented by The American Legion, and the fifth, while going further in its provisions than was advocated by the Legion, embodied a majority of the provisions regarding legislation for the disabled which were requested by the national convention held in Louisville. One of these major laws added 4,500 to the number of hospital beds for disabled service men. Another validated 40,000 belated applications for adjusted compensation and assisted beneficiaries. A third act consolidated the Pension Bureau, the National Soldiers Homes and the Veterans Bureau. The fourth authorized a study of the Legion's universal service proposal by a national commission. Finally, there was the passage of the epoch-marking Johnson Act, which went beyond the provisions requested by the Legion, provided immediate financial relief for 150,000 disabled service men unable to prove that their disabilities were due to service and established a principle that is of vital importance to every service man who may become disabled in the future.

Certainly this record carries its own lesson of the Legion's growing importance in national affairs. It is, however, only one of the reasons why the Legion made its big membership gain in 1930 while representative non-veteran societies were counting membership losses.

The principal reason for the 1930 membership gain is the early start made on member-getting campaigns. National Commander O. L. Bodenhamer at the very beginning of his term in office fixed early membership as a first objective. He kept this objective before him constantly during the final months of 1929. With the support of the whole Legion, from top to bottom, posts and departments began turning in record-breaking (Continued on page 40)



# "I GAMBLED 2¢ and WON \$35,840 in 2 YEARS"

*A Story for Men and Women  
who are dissatisfied with themselves*

THIS is the story of a gamble—a 2¢ risk—which paid me a profit of \$35,840 in two years. I am not, and never was, a gambler by nature; in all probability I never would have taken the chance if more money was involved. So even if you, too, are against gambling, you will feel like risking two cents after you've read my story.

Some people believe I was lucky. Others think I am brilliant. But this sort of luck I had everyone can have. My type of brilliance is that of any average man.

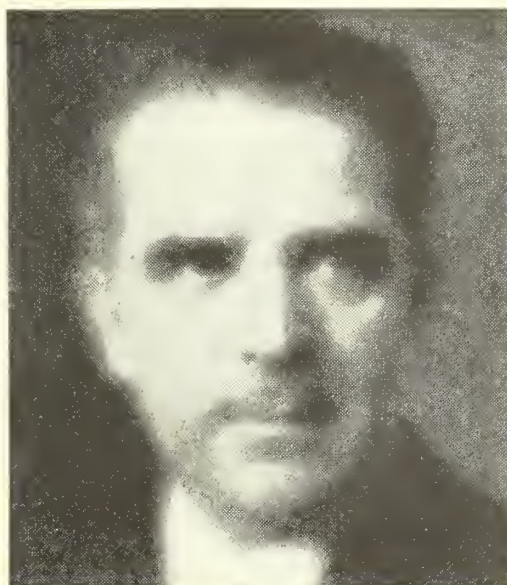
Almost any \$40-a-week wage earner has as complete a mental equipment as I had two years ago. And he feels today just about the way I did then. For two years ago, I too, was in the \$40-a-week rut. My earnings were \$2,080 per year!

I was discontented, unhappy. I was not getting ahead. There didn't seem to be much hope in the future. I wanted to earn more money—a lot more money. I wanted to wear better clothes and have a car, and travel. I wanted to be on a par with people I then looked up to. I wanted to feel equal to them mentally and financially.

But it all seemed hopeless. I was beset with fears. I was afraid of losing my job. I was afraid of the future. I could see nothing ahead for myself and my wife and baby but a hard struggle. I would live and work and die—just one of the millions who slaved their lives away. I was irritable, easily annoyed, discouraged, "sore" at my fate and at the world. I could not think clearly. My mind was in a constant whirl. I was "scatterbrained." I had a thousand half-baked ideas to make more money, but acted on none of them.

The end of each year found me in about the same position as the beginning. The tiny increases in salary, grudgingly given to me, were just about enough to meet the rising cost of living. Rent was higher; clothes cost more; food was more expensive. It was necessary for me to earn more money. So once in a while I got a few dollars more. But it wasn't because of any great change in my ability.

Today I have an income of \$20,000 a year. That's exactly \$17,920 more than it was two years ago. A difference of \$35,840 in two years. My family has everything it needs for its comfort and pleasure. My bank account is growing rapidly. I have my own home in the suburbs. I am respected by my neighbors, and I have won my wife and children's love as only the comforts and pleasures of life can do.



When I am old I will not be a millstone around anyone's neck. My children will not have to support me.

I look forward to the future with confidence and without fear. I know that only improvement can come with the years. Once I wandered through life aimlessly, cringing, afraid. Today I have a definite goal and the will to reach it. I know I cannot be beaten. Once my discontent resulted in wishes. Today my slightest discontent results in action. Once I looked forward hopefully to a \$5 a week increase in salary. Today I look forward confidently to a \$100 a week increase in my earnings.

What magic was it that caused the change in my circumstances? How did I, a \$40-a-week clerk, change my whole life so remarkably? I can give you the answer in one word—Pelmanism. I gambled 2¢ on it. Yet without it, I might have continued in my old \$40-a-week rut for the rest of my life.

Pelmanism taught me how to think straight and true. It crystallized my scattered ideas. It focused my aim on one thing. It gave me the will power to carry out my ideas. It dispelled my fears. It improved my memory. It taught me how to concentrate—how to observe keenly. Initiative, resourcefulness, organizing ability, forcefulness were a natural result. I stopped putting things off. Inertia disappeared. Mind-wandering and indecision were things of the past. With new allies on my side and old enemies beaten, there was nothing to hold me back.

I am writing this in appreciation of what Pelmanism did for me. I want other average men to gamble 2¢ as I did. For the cost of a postage stamp I sent for the booklet about Pelmanism, called "Scientific Mind Training." Reading that free book started me on my climb. I took no risk when I enrolled for the Course because of the Institute's guarantee. All I gambled was 2¢ and I am \$36,000 better off now than I would have been had I not written for the book about Pelmanism.

\* \* \* \* \*

The Pelman Institute will be glad to send a copy of "Scientific Mind Training" to any interested individual. This book is free. It explains Pelmanism. It tells what it does to the mind. It tells what Pelmanism has meant to others. For over 25 years Pelmanism has been helping people to happiness. Over 700,000 others have studied this remarkable science. Among those who have praised it are such great world figures as Sir Harry Lauder, Edgar Wallace, Lieut.-Gen. Baden Powell, Major Gen. Sir Frederick Maurice, H. R. H. Prince Charles of Sweden, and many others. Your whole life may be altered as a result of reading "Scientific Mind Training." Send the coupon. You have nothing to lose. If Pelmanism does not help you it costs you nothing. There is no obligation in mailing the coupon. No salesman will call on you. Decide for yourself what to do after you read the free book about Pelmanism. Mail the coupon NOW.

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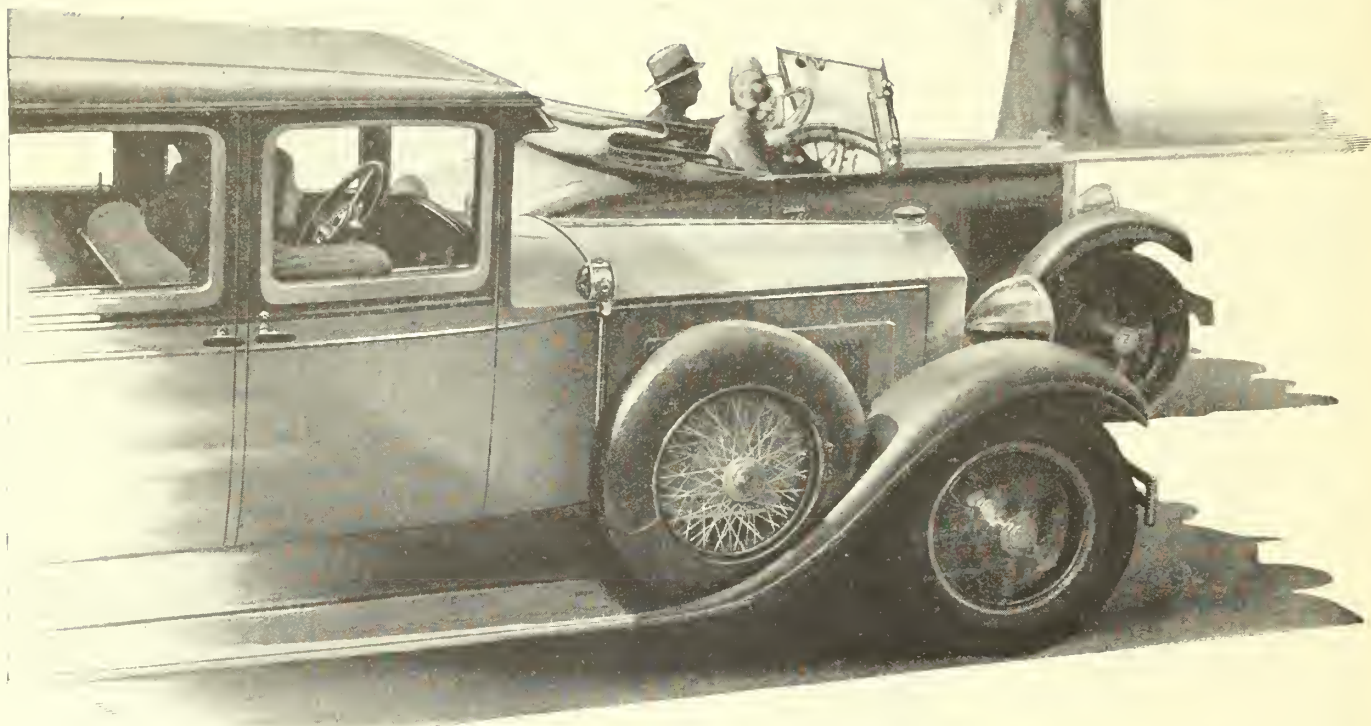
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So effective is Ethyl fluid that the oil companies which make three-quarters of all the gasoline used in the United States and Canada now mix it with gasoline to form Ethyl Gasoline. On sale at pumps bearing the emblem shown at the right.

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*The active ingredient used in Ethyl fluid is lead.*

The AMERICAN LEGION Monthly



# STRANDED

*A Two Part*  
**STORY**  
*by*  
**HUGH WILEY**

*Illustrations by*  
**Kenneth F. Camp**

## *Part One*

SPIKE RANDALL'S watch was a good watch, but he couldn't make the Kearney Street pawnbroker think so more than ten dollars' worth. "Where d'you get that ten-dollar stuff!" Spike protested. "I carried that watch for two years in the A.E.F. and she never missed a beat. She's been runnin' within ten seconds of sun time ever since then."

"Ten dollars," the human iceberg behind the counter repeated, gazing coldly at a point in space above Spike Randall's left shoulder.

Surrendering to a still small voice and a still larger pain in the pit of his stomach, "All right—hand it over." To himself, "This highjacker holds the face-cards. I've got to eat . . . c'est la guerre!"

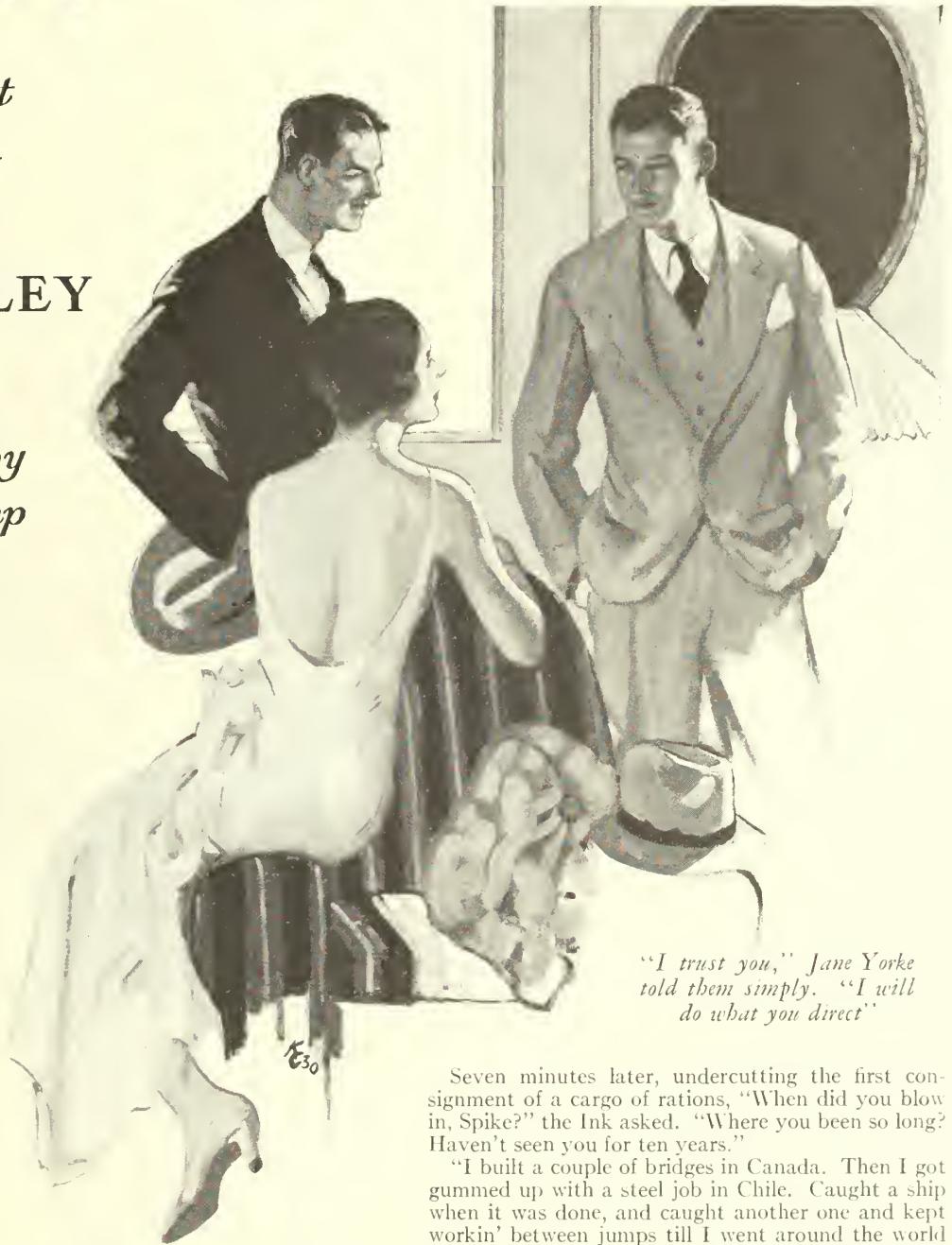
He signed his name on the stub of the pawn ticket and walked rapidly off the battlefield. The wet pavements of Kearney Street glinted with a film of water that had been the San Francisco fog at four o'clock, but which had changed now to rain.

On the sidewalk a man stepped toward him, headed, evidently, for the interior of the pawn shop. Seeing Spike, the seeker after riches stopped abruptly. "Holy old goldfish!" he exclaimed. "Damn if it ain't Spike! . . . Well—how about a pass to Bordeaux?"

"Jimmy! Jimmy the Ink! Himself in person!"

When the first storm of salutations had subsided, "You broke, Jimmy?" Spike Randall asked. Then, "I'm sorry. Forget it—I didn't mean that. What I meant is, come along with me. That bird in the gilded cage just blew the Pay Call. How about some chow?"

The Ink's eyes glittered for an instant. "Chow—yes. Bokoo chow! Boy, I'm hungrier than I was that first month in France before the mess sergeant learned to steal."



*"I trust you," Jane Yorke told them simply. "I will do what you direct"*

Seven minutes later, undercutting the first consignment of a cargo of rations, "When did you blow in, Spike?" the Ink asked. "Where you been so long? Haven't seen you for ten years."

"I built a couple of bridges in Canada. Then I got gummed up with a steel job in Chile. Caught a ship when it was done, and caught another one and kept workin' between jumps till I went around the world two or three times. I managed to drop the last bankroll on a contract I had in Peru. Nicked a free ride from a skipper I knew, and here I am. What about yourself?"

"Ups and downs—me and a lot of the old Gang here in California. Half of the old outfit are settin' pretty and the other half is bust. Chronic with some of 'em. My last layout was a powerhouse job. I was timekeeper till the job blew up last week. Old bird by the name of Benton Yorke was the contractor. I guess he was spread out too much. He died a couple of weeks ago, and between the bonding company and the owners they tied up the job."

"Where was it?"

"Up on Rock River in Placer County."

"Who's the owners? Looks to me like you can collect from 'em for whatever they owe you."

"Oh, we all got paid off all right. Trouble is I was runnin' a little ahead of the payroll. There's a Greek up there had a blackjack game. Same old story."



"Can you get your job back when they start up again?"

"You'd think so. It's a funny layout. There's a snake handlin' things for the bonding company. By the time he's through he'll have Yorke's daughter gypped out of everything. I guess he wanted to stop the works so he could make his own cleanup. The gal is only a kid, you might say, maybe twenty years old. By the time that bonding company shark gits through she'll have to quit school and go to work. She's graduatin' from Stanford this year, but there won't be enough left out of the old man's payroll to buy her a hat. Rough deal all the way through. Of course she can't run her old man's business. The only profit-bearing contract he had was this Rock River power plant."

"He didn't get into it very deep, I suppose."

"We had the rock excavation started. No concrete work begun. The velvet was in the concrete. That's what made that bandit from the bonding company so keen about shutting down the works. He's probably got an assignment of the contract talked out of the girl by this time and—oh, you know how those things go. You've got a fat chance in a battle with those bandits."

Spike Randall stopped eating. "How big a layout is that Rock River job?"

"Quarter of a million, maybe, or more. It's a forty thousand horse job. Lots of trimmings like those mountain jobs always have. The old man got the right price. No competition. It's a dirty shame that he kicks off right at that time. It's the first velvet job he figured for a long time."

Spike Randall speared Jimmy the Ink with ten fast questions in the next two minutes. First of all, "Where's Slim and Blackie? Answer me fast—I'm thinkin' hard."

"I don't know about Slim, but Blackie is workin' for wages here in town."

"Where's the Hogger?"

"The Hogger's in the S.P. shops at Sacramento."

"Where's Shorty and the Mule?"

"Last I heard of 'em they were down around Fresno, farmin' a melon patch and makin' their own bootleg. What's on your mind?"

"There's a lot on my mind. Is there any way of reaching that Miss Yorke down at Stanford University by telephone?"

"I can try it."

"Let's hop to it. What's her name?"

"Her first name is Jane. Jane Yorke. She was out on the job with her old man a couple of times. Swell-lookin' kid. Probably hasn't got the brains of a louse when it comes to business stuff. She didn't act like it, anyway, when we was gettin' the books cleaned up."

"There's a telephone on the counter at the cashier's desk. Let's get Miss Yorke on the phone."

At the telephone, after he had placed his call, with a growing enthusiasm that had come from a sudden understanding of Spike Randall's plans, "Old timer, you goin' to try to put over that Rock River job?" the Ink asked.

"Get that girl on the telephone and we'll find out."

A moment later, "Here she is," Jimmy the Ink announced, covering the phone with his hand. "Want to talk to her?"

"Tell her I want to ask her one question, and if the answer is 'no' tell her that you and I must see her tonight."

The question: "Miss Yorke, as your father's executor have you assigned the Rock River contract to the bonding company, or to anyone else?"

"Mr. Engley of the bonding company has the assignment ready for my signature," Jane Yorke answered. "I intended to go to San Francisco tomorrow to sign it."

Spike Randall took a long breath. Then, "Jimmy and I must see you this evening. We'll be in Palo Alto on the next train."

Turning away from the telephone, "We're on our way," Spike announced. "Let's go!"



*"You're makin' a mistake with those shots of low nitrate dynamite  
don't shake it up too much or you'll*





for the tunnel," the Tapper warned Spike. "Take my advice and have a young mountain on top of you"

Jimmy the Ink paid the bill, grumbling. "Hell," he said, mostly to himself. "That's the first square meal I had for a week, and I didn't get to eat but half of it."

On their way to Palo Alto on the train, "If this works out we'll call the roll tomorrow," Spike explained. "In the meantime, make a list of all the old Gang who are out of work. That's the half we'll play. Along with them we'll round up Joe and Sam and Mike and the Mule and Charlie and Bill and Rags and the Hogger and Blackie and Slim. If we cop this job they're the shock troops that I'll need first."

Jimmy the Ink nodded briefly, and then, "Looks to me like the first shock troops you're goin' to need is seventeen regiments of dollars."

"You got your mind on the payroll as usual?"

"I've got my mind on the material bills. Thirty days is the big motto right now with those bills if your credit is gilt-edge, and on a shoestring like you're playin' the machinery men wouldn't give you thirty minutes on your plant."

"You forget that the banks are bulging with money. They've got to rent their money or they can't live. Don't worry about plant. Tell me something—is Jane Yorke able to sign contracts in her own name, or did the court appoint somebody to ride herd on her?"

"When the will was probated she was named his executor. She's of age."

"That simplifies part of it. We've got to pry her out of the clutches of that bonding company bird. What kind of a slicker is he?"

"He don't look like a slicker—sort of a middle-aged, prosperous, solid hombre."

"The kind that the widows and orphans rush to with the deed to the old homestead! What is he? Pacific Coast manager for the company? Do you remember whether he's a manager or whether he signs as a special agent?"

"He's got all the authority in the world. He's the Coast manager, and probably one of the vice-presidents."

"Not a bad day's work for him if he could grab that contract from Miss Yorke."

"We figured thirty thousand velvet. It might run ten thousand better than that if Rock River holds back the flood stage till the draft-tubes are poured."

Spike Randall rubbed his eyes. "That's tomorrow's troubles, Ink. One thing at a time. Unless we put tonight's job over with the girl all the rest of it is idle chatter."

Meeting Jane Yorke, "There's probably a profit in your contract," Spike Randall explained. "If you assign the contract to the bonding company they'll eat up most of the profits one way and another. High-priced overhead, along with the legitimate rakeoff, leaves mighty little for the original contractor. I can have an organization thrown together in a week that can complete the job. It'll be necessary for you to take my word for a lot of things. I want you to tell the bonding company that you will execute the contract yourself—that you will go ahead with the job and that you will complete it. It will be necessary for you to execute a sub-contract to me. If you do so I will finance the job, some way, and go through with it."

"I trust you," Jane Yorke said simply. "I will do what you direct."

Spike Randall smiled. "First of all, I would like to have you meet me at the bonding company's offices in San Francisco tomorrow morning at eleven o'clock. That's all—except one thing. Jimmy here tells me that you are of age, that you can execute a contract. Is that correct?"

Jane Yorke smiled. "I'm older than I look. I'm of legal age."

"Tomorrow, then, at eleven o'clock."

On the train returning to San Francisco, after five minutes of silence, "She didn't look a minute over sweet sixteen," Spike Randall observed. "... We'll hit the ball, Ink."

Jimmy the Ink laughed a brief and sincere laugh. "I thought you'd get that way! How about snapping out of your trance and gittin' your bean to work on some of the heavy grief? You (Continued on page 44)



# The ROAD from



By David  
*Decoration by*

**T**HE FINAL quiet on the Western Front . . . Versailles and the League of Nations . . . Prohibition . . . naval limitation . . . Locarno . . . the Kellogg-Briand treaties . . . Teapot Dome . . . Lindbergh and Byrd . . . Graf Zeppelins . . . Coolidge . . . bull markets . . . billion dollar banks . . . radios . . . prosperity . . . crash . . . unemployment and gloom.

Ten years after the Revolutionary War the Constitution had been painstakingly drafted and a nation was born. Ten years after the Civil War the trans-continental railroads and land speculation, together with the panic of 1873, brought a new readjustment and the first era of a long, burdensome period of reconstruction for the South. And now, ten years after the World War, two business depressions, one in 1921 and the other in 1929, testify to the fact that history repeats itself and human nature is unchanged. A long look back reveals the ups and downs of the decade that ends in 1930—a decade not only of reconstruction in Europe but readjustment throughout America. It is all plain now, as plain as the sunlight breaking through the clouds of business discouragement.

Ten years is not a long period in the life of a nation. It is but a breathing spell, sometimes, between wars—a catching of breath or the development of a new tempo in the economic evolution of an industrial people. Comparisons are always relative, but it is safe to say that the epoch ending this year has embraced a political, social and economic experience for the United States without parallel in any previous decade to the very beginnings of the American Republic.

It isn't our American habit to adopt the perspective of an era or an epoch. We live from day to day or week to week or from month to month. In business we compare this month with the corresponding month of last year. We audit our books on a yearly basis. We live in the hour of discontent or happiness, as the case may be. And how narrow and finite was our vision ten years ago as we listened to the confident prediction that, of course, Germany would not pay reparations, that the Allies would repudiate their debts to us, that it would be a long time before the Entente and the Central Powers could be reconciled, that Europe would struggle through a long and agonizing period of reconstruction, unable for years to come to compete in the markets of the world, that our industrial expansion would cease suddenly, that wages would be deflated to pre-war levels, and that the seething troubles in the Near East were rumblings that would precede another major conflict!

Happily not one of these predictions has come true. Germany has twice been committed to the payment of reparations, first under the Dawes Plan, to which she made her payments punc-

tually and in full, and under the Young Plan which has permitted a re-financing of all her obligations. The Allies are paying their debts, practically all of the principal and with interest charges largely canceled. The governments of Europe have balanced their budgets and stabilized their currencies. Reconstruction has come faster than expected and competition in world markets has not been so simple as anticipated. The Entente between Germany and Great Britain, followed as it was by the spirit of amity at Locarno, and subsequently by the Franco-German understandings, is a reflection of the same point of view which caused the American people to acclaim the Bremens and the Zeppelins.

Peace has reigned for ten years with the exception of a few squabbles in the Balkans. Germany, disarmed by the Treaty of Versailles, has saved herself a big annual expense for armaments; France and Italy alone look at one another with suspicion; Russia is still a social enigma; Japan has had her earthquake and financial disaster—altogether the world has been made safe enough for democracy to disarm and demobilize large standing armies. Naval building is being limited. The two strongest nations in the world are not engaged in a naval race but have achieved a theoretical parity, even though they constitute together an actual majority of naval vessels as compared with all the other navies of the world.

Capital has flowed across the ocean in billions and billions of dollars to assist in financing the industries of Germany and the rest of the world. American dollars have traveled around the globe to become partners in foreign interests from department stores to street railways, from steel mills and automobile factories to rubber plants in Brazil and diamond mines in South Africa.

Wages were not deflated but the productivity of the labor dollar was increased. Mechanization came in the effort to find lower costs. The urge to efficiency which began when the industrial resources of the nation were mobilized in war-time was carried over through the decade past as new fortunes were made through scientific achievements or the genius of invention.

Conflicting ideas battled with each other during the last ten years. First there was the notion that we had embarked upon a new economic era in which the old fashioned laws of supply and demand in the interchange of commodities had been superseded by an unending appetite of the whole world to consume an ever-increasing quantity of manufactures and raw materials. Second, there developed a stubborn conservatism which clung tenaciously to the thought that every war must be followed by its deflation sooner or later, and that artificial levels must be broken down and the prices of commodities and securities



# YESTERDAY



## Lawrence

William Heaslip

brought closer to their true value. It is unpleasant to recall that the latter won out, not immediately as had been expected, but in two breaks, one in 1921 and the other in 1929. Masses of people following those who seemed to be possessed of qualities of sound leadership paid the penalty, but in their hours of disillusionment, noted that all classes of society felt the ills of speculation and over-expansion.

And what of the Government? What of its leadership during the years of uninterrupted expansion? Notwithstanding a budget of four and three-quarter billions annually, taxes were constantly reduced so that while early in the decade, 4,200,000 persons paid income taxes, less than eight hundred thousand do so today. The federal tax burden has been gradually reduced, though the States have not fared so well. At the moment the forty-eight States are struggling with a re-distribution of the tax burden, discussing new methods of revenue raising and the term "equalization" as between interests and groups has become part of the vocabulary of state commissions from coast to coast.

As the economic ills of the country have multiplied, the Government has been called to aid. Scarcely a single political question of major importance in the last ten years that has not had its economic relationship, and many an economic question has divided the political parties.

The existence of groups and blocs has resulted from the demands of constituents. Industries and vocations have sought allies within both political parties. The stimulus to produce has left in its wake huge surpluses. Agricultural surpluses gave us a major problem and the demand for farm relief. The coal industry, with its surplus of mines and miners, is still groping for a solution—some way to limit production and consolidate units. The oil producers have succeeded to some extent in limiting the surplus by voluntary curtailment of production. By-products of the oil wells, namely, the hitherto wasted gases, are being pipe-lined now to the Middle West and perhaps to the East for industrial as well as home uses in heating and refrigeration. Surpluses have brought down the prices and introduced a new competition. A surplus of sugar has led to a tariff battle of major proportions, for when we consider sugar production we include that of the Philippines, Hawaii and Porto Rico and continental United States which far exceeds the demand.

Nor have the basic commodities alone been confronted with a need for reorganization or marketing methods as well as the development of new markets and increased consumption. Faced with the fact that profits could not be increased rapidly with large competing units, the merger principle has gained headway. The idea that two can live more cheaply than one has had a pointed meaning when applied to reduced overhead,

consolidation of sales staffs and the elimination of much of the waste in every-day competition.

Within a few years after the war, the people of the United States found themselves with a large increase in national wealth—estimated today at a total of three hundred and seventy billions. On this was reared a credit structure of bewildering size. Thus came the surplus of credit. Money was cheap. It sought varied uses and thereby the surplus credit was diverted into the channels of speculation where it seemed to obtain the maximum return or yield. Economists differed; bankers debated, and to this day there are differences of opinion as to the true cause of the debacle of last October. There are those who say the effort of the Government to restrict speculation and keep credit in commercial channels was in itself an artificial restraint that was applied either too soon or too late, or should not have been applied at all. For three years the Federal Reserve Board has sought a way to control credit. It tried out various methods, for the Federal Reserve Act itself is only sixteen years old, and emergencies of the kind that arose in the last three years were unprecedented. There were no charts on the uncertain sea of economic expansion. When the Federal Reserve Board did issue its warning in February, 1929, there were wise men who scoffed at it and said the Government had better mind its own business and bankers should lend to the many that wanted it—it was their money—nobody's business but their own. But October proved that when a lot of people lose money it is everybody's business and the psychological effect of a national period of gloom, due to stock market losses, has brought a realization that there is a continuity of interest between the individual and the purchasing power of all the individuals put together. There is great respect for the Federal Reserve Act now, but the dam has burst and it was to the Government that even industry turned for leadership in the crisis.

Politicians have been teaching the people for years that the administration at Washington has some kind of mystic control over the prosperity of the nation. And so the Government at Washington accepted a certain responsibility for the well-being of the people and tried to co-ordinate the activity of state and federal agencies engaged in public construction, to encourage and stimulate a mutual confidence in industries and to achieve, if possible, an economic equilibrium.

As the country responded to the stimulus, the stock market responded too, and once more many people were deceived into believing that normalcy could be attained by exhortation and the turn of the speculative wheel. Again the nation observed the folly of unrestrained optimism. (Continued on page 50)



# *The Surgeon's Share in* LENGTHENING *the* LIFE LINE

*By P.J.H. Farrell, M.D.*

ONE of the very few positive benefits that humanity derives from war is the development of surgery. In the dressing stations, field hospitals, and base hospitals, surgeons work to the limits of their endurance and handle unbelievable numbers of patients. From the standpoint of the loss and suffering of the wounded, it is tragic. But viewed as clinical material calling for the development of better, more effective, quicker surgery, this flow of human wreckage for salvage is the greatest wealth of experience that can come to a surgeon. Here he crowds into a few months more of major operations than would come in as many years of civilian practice.

Two important scientific advances result. The surgeon when he returns to his civil practice treats his patients with far greater skill than before. And during the war, many inventions and improvements in technique come because the need for them is shown in such unmistakable terms.

For instance, during the Civil War there were many gunshot wounds of the thigh bone. These fractures were difficult of treatment, for in dressing the flesh wounds the surgeon was likely to disturb the bone fragments. Dr. Hodgen, a military surgeon, devised a splint which made it possible to dress the wounds without disturbing the fracture. The Hodgen splint became generally used during the Civil War, and was taken back to their home towns by the surgeons who had used it in the army.

For a good many years after the Civil War, the Hodgen splint was standard. But gradually its usefulness was forgotten. After all, there are not great numbers of thigh fractures accompanied by deep flesh wounds. The surgeons who had used it died or were otherwise retired from practice.

Then came the World War, with a recurrence of the very condition that had made the Hodgen splint necessary. It came into general use once more. No doubt many a man who reads this article had his thigh in a Hodgen splint. Today, with the large number of accidents which occur, primarily by reason of the automobile, the Hodgen splint is used universally for its special purpose. And many a man or woman who might have lost a leg or walked with a limp for life is today as spry as ever thanks to this invention of the Civil War.

Surgery has made tremendous strides during the past few years, largely as a result of the impetus it gained during the World War. It has contributed greatly to our national development, by the elimination of needless deaths, the reduction of disability, and likewise through the reduction of convalescent time.

Plastic surgery, developed during the World War, is an instance. Many a man horribly mutilated and disfigured has been returned to civil life to live in comfort as compared with the mental anguish which would otherwise have been his. Particularly has plastic surgery of the face made normal in appearance many men who would inevitably have been repulsive to everyone, repulsive through no fault of their own.

There has been during recent years a great increase in the number of accident cases that come to our hospitals. These injuries arise primarily from automobile accidents; industrial and railroad accidents, thanks to safety first work, have meanwhile been declining. Everyone has acquaintances who have been seriously injured in or by automobiles. Many who have made

complete recoveries would have died or have been crippled if it were not for the advances in accident surgery that followed the war. The competent supervision under which the army surgeons worked, and the extensive practice of the war years, has led to a degree of skill never before known.

I think it is a fair estimate that disability following accidents has been cut in half by the advances of modern surgery. If you will think back to the earlier years of your life—assuming that you are the typical World War veteran in his upper thirties—you will recall that many more of the people around you showed serious impairments. There were far more men and women lacking arms and legs. Many more people were on crutches. The man with a paralyzed arm or leg, the consequence of accident, was far more frequently seen. When you consider that thousands upon thousands of America's young men suffered serious gunshot wounds only twelve years ago, and that automobile accidents are injuring people steadily at a rate probably exceeding the injury rate of the United States Army in battle in France, the small number of individuals with noticeable impairments of limb is extraordinary.

My own experience as an army surgeon goes back into the past considerably further than I like to admit to myself. My first campaign, as a lieutenant of British cavalry, was in Egypt in 1883, followed by the Soudan and Afridi wars almost immediately after and the Chilean war of 1889. Meanwhile I became a surgeon and served in the Spanish-American, Philippine, and World Wars as a medical officer. During these 47 years I have seen surgery advance to the point where many a man who would have been given up as mortally wounded in the early campaigns would be restored to perfect health in the later. And an infinite number of men who would have been crippled by lesser wounds are today in excellent condition.

VERY recently, during the Nicaraguan intervention, a Marine officer was wounded in the elbow. He failed to recover the use of his arm, which was considered extraordinary. X-rays disclosed a small shaving of lead impinging a main nerve. Skillful surgery removed the lead without injuring the nerve. The use of the arm returned, and today that officer is in active service. Twenty years ago such an injury would have meant permanent disability.

Consider one of the most frequent causes of paralyzed limbs, a severed nerve. Formerly nothing could be done about this. Today, not every case of this kind can be successfully handled, to be sure. But by an operation called nerve anastomosis, in many instances the ends of the severed nerve can be sutured together—under strong magnifying lenses, of course—and paralysis prevented. This operation has been developed only during the past very few years, and presumably is still far from the stage of perfection to which it will eventually be developed. But a start has been made, which is a major reason why you so seldom see anybody with a paralyzed arm.

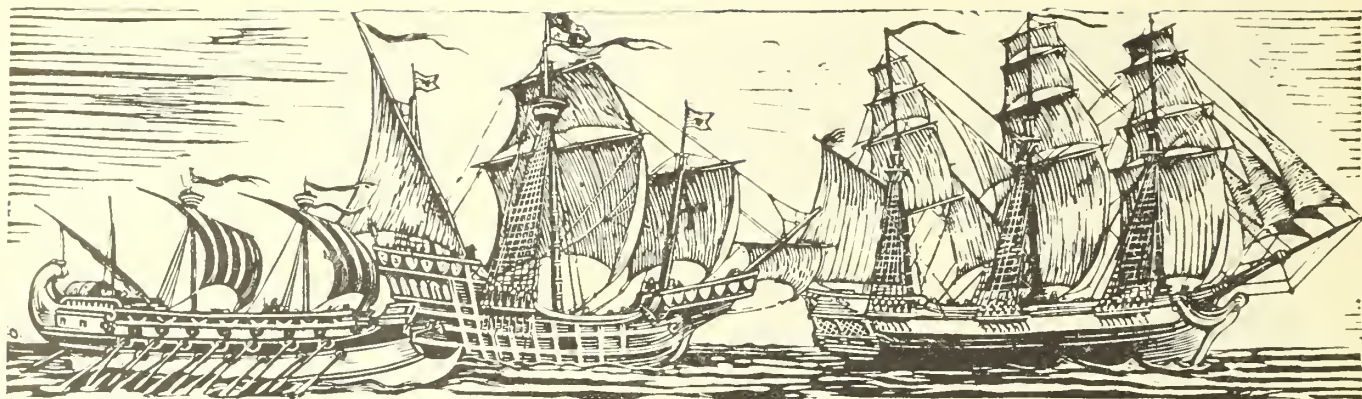
Much of the development in surgery has come about through increased mechanical knowledge and modern mechanical inventions. You may well imagine that it takes specialized equipment to perform a nerve suture. And it takes both specialized equipment and real mechanical skill and dexterity to perform many of the operations of today. (Continued on page 48)





***I**T WAS, if memory serves, an Irishman who inquired whether it was a private fight or whether anybody could get in. The chances are that he was a Farrell. For some five or six generations there were Farrells among the officers of various British regiments. The descendant of all these Farrells is Patrick Joseph Hosbie Farrell—Dr. P. J. H. Farrell, to give him the title he is usually called by. Born in India some sixty-seven years ago, he started his fighting as a young officer of cavalry with the British in the Egyptian and the subsequent Soudanese War—an even better known combatant in the same scrap was Rudyard Kipling's celebrated Fuzzy-wuzzy, but he was on the other side. Dr. Farrell carries a reminder of this campaign in the form of a silver plate under the skin of his scalp; one of the Fuzzies objected to an intended sabering, and got there first with a spear. After the subsequent Afridi Wars Farrell shook from his feet the dust of the Old World and went to Chile, where he became a brigadier-general of cavalry in the revolution of 1889-90. Then Farrell came to the United States, took his medical degree at the University of Kentucky in 1892, became a citizen, and went through the Spanish-American War and the Philippine Insurrection as a medical officer, accumulating a couple of additional wounds for good measure and a silver star for gallantry in action. When the World War broke out he became a colonel and commanded advance sector hospitals on the Verdun front. Meanwhile he had been secretary of the Chicago Medical Society, professor at the Chicago College of Medicine and Surgery, and commander-in-chief of the Society of the Army of the Philippines. He has been seven times commander of Medical Post of The American Legion. As for any idea that the Farrells are no longer a military race, give it up. A son, W. G. Farrell, was a captain in the Fifth Marines during the World War at twenty-one, remained in the service, and is now a captain in the Aviation Section. Another son, Jerome Farrell, was a sergeant of infantry in the war at sixteen and is now a first lieutenant in the Reserve.*





# DOWN *to the* SEA

*By Commodore  
Decorations by*

IT IS all very well to say that Uncle Sam is getting along very comfortably without a great merchant marine, thank you, but the statement covers no contingencies. During the Colonial wars with France, during the Revolution, during the War of 1812, during the Civil War, we lost control of our own exports and we paid for those losses with periods of economic depression. Our farms and factories always have produced more than could be used at home, and any interference with our exports brings us upon hard times. Our marine problems have been problems of economic as well as political security.

Today's problem is economic. Transportation is the backbone of our civilization. Owning eighty per cent of the world's automobiles and sixty per cent of its telephones, Americans notoriously have better transportation than other peoples. Out of all proportion to their numbers they have endowed themselves with locomotives and airplanes, tractors and baby carriages. Space being large only in the sense that it occupies time to go from one spot to another, ours is one of the most compact of nations. From this compactness derives in large degree our unprecedented prosperity.

But control over our own destiny ceases at the great oceans which form our eastern and western boundaries.

Our annual surplus of production over consumption is enormous—by far the greater part of a foreign trade approximating ten billions of dollars every year. Interfere with this ten-billion-dollar trade and you interfere with prosperity itself.

Perhaps half of our exports leave American ports in British ships. Cripple or withdraw the British shipping and you cripple American industry. Our own ships *can* transport not more than two-thirds of our foreign trade—actually they transport about one-third of it. A war between any two great marine powers would put America back where it was during the first administration of Thomas Jefferson, literally growing so much wheat that its citizens could not afford to buy bread. In those days we had ships but could not use them because we could not protect them. Today we could protect them—if we had them.

The first English colonists in America lived almost like the natives of Dr. Johnson's fabulous island, who existed by taking in each other's washing. They lived, but not well. The first era of prosperity opened in the 1630's, shortly after Governor John Winthrop launched the thirty-ton sloop, *Blessing of the Bay*, at Boston. Running cargoes of fur and wampum between Massachusetts Bay and Dutch trading posts along the Hudson, this tiny vessel soon brought wealth to its shareholders and eventually to its home port.

Boston had been founded largely by shipbuilders. The blacksmiths, caulkers, sailmakers, carpenters, masters and mates who built and sailed her took shares in the *Blessing of the Bay* for their remuneration. Few artisans ever drew better wages.

Other vessels soon were launched. They established Boston as an important seaport. By 1668 Sir Josiah Child was com-

plaining to the King that nothing could be "more prejudicial and in prospect more dangerous to any mother kingdom than the increase of shipping in her colonies."

By that time, the ingenious Yankees had devised the schooner, a revolutionary design, for the benefit of coastwise navigation. By 1700 there were a thousand keels plying out of New England, under New England masters, with New England crews and owners.

They brought prosperity to New England. Eventually—after British cupidity sought to harass them—they brought revolution to the thirteen Colonies. Parliamentary restrictions on customs and clearances made smuggling popular. Such diverse personalities as John Hancock and Benedict Arnold gloried in their defiance of British customs laws. Five years before his treason, Arnold was advertising in a New Haven paper that he was a great patriot because, forsooth, his activities in smuggling had brought prosperity to the community.

Smuggling alone had kept American commerce alive during the French and Indian wars. The Revolution hardly could make conditions worse than they had been. Perhaps that was a reason why New England was so zealous for the fight.

From much smuggling and some legitimate trading, Yankee shippers and owners turned in 1776 to the profits of privateering. With all due respect to John Paul Jones, privateering did more to help us win the Revolution than the heroic efforts of our tiny Navy.

But nothing could save us from the consequences of British marine superiority. We lost a thousand ships. Nantucket, known today as a pleasant, historic summer colony, was one of the dozen larger cities of America in 1775. During the war, the British captured or sank 134 of the 150 whalers that based on the island harbor.

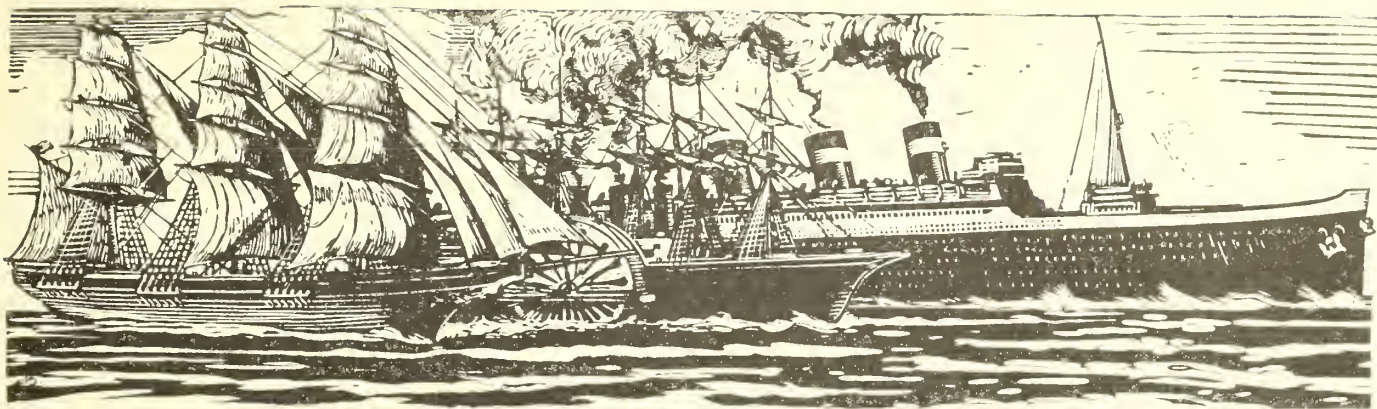
When the Revolution started, our great industry was ship building. One-

third of all British merchant vessels, for instance, were bought in this country. That trade disappeared with the Declaration of Independence and never returned.

Yet the war ended, as wars will. The liberated Yankees found themselves with hundreds of privateers but with very few ships fit for trans-oceanic trade. We were free to grow wheat and corn, but if we grew more than we could eat ourselves, we had no markets. The years immediately following the Revolution were years of depression and unrest. Foreign shipping began to take up our cargoes, but at ruinous freights. Our privateers were unfit for coastwise service, the only trade which formerly had been







# in YANKEE SHIPS

*Herbert Hartley*  
*Lowell L. Balcom*

legitimate. It was the only trade with which we were familiar.

Elias Hasket Derby of Salem had eighty privateers. He attempted an American innovation. He sent the *Grand Turk* with lumber and grain to the Dutch East Indies. The old ship made a record passage and a record profit. Then began the great days for Salem.

Yankee inventiveness, shrewdness and courage built and sailed a merchant service comparable to any on earth. The products of our virgin soil were carried abroad. We were opening an immensely rich Northwest territory. Our surplus of grain grew larger each year. We sold it. Wealth began to pour into the seaports, particularly Salem, Boston, New York and Baltimore. On the surface, there was no more reason for the expansion of our merchant marine than there is today. The pioneer urge was greater, perhaps, but the problems were great, too.

Today, our problems are concerned mostly with the cost and speed of operation. Our marine payrolls are heavier than those of other countries. Not enough of our ships are equal in speed to foreign ships of the same rating. But our owners and builders and exporters of 1790 faced the same identical problems.

In the matter of cost, Congress invented a subsidy. Hamiltonian tariffs, imposed to pay off the National Debt, were remitted in part for imports in American bottoms. Port dues for American vessels were about a third as high as dues for vessels of other nationalities. A pound of tea arriving at Providence on a British ship paid a duty of twenty-seven cents; arriving under the Stars and Stripes the duty was twelve cents.

The other great problem was that of speed.

Up in Salem a young warehouse clerk was putting a natural bent for mathematics to practical use. He evolved a system of formulae by which the complicated science of nautical astronomy was greatly simplified. Next to the Bible, I dare say that the American Practical Navigator, by Nathaniel Bowditch, is the only textbook of our day that has survived more than a century of use.

Before Bowditch, the average navigator depended largely on dead reckoning. Thus the Pilgrims, sailing for Virginia, landed first at Provincetown. The master who could work out a position at sea by nautical astronomy was unusual; the master who would go to all the trouble involved was phenomenal. The skipper who left Boston for Gibraltar was lucky if he made land somewhere off Portugal. He wasn't necessarily disgraced if he wound up off Ireland. Bowditch obviated the devious routes of old-fashioned mariners. A navigator could check up on his position two or

three times a day. Almost you might say that Bowditch reduced the size of the world by half.

American masters soon learned to navigate by their Bowditch. First to profit from his work, they made the straightest courses and the fastest time. They began to take cargoes away from other maritime countries.

Moreover, they began to take on erudition and gentility. Bowditch's tables are simple enough for anybody with a rudimentary knowledge of trigonometry, but the average European seafarer of the eighteenth century knew less about trig than he knew about sun spots. British masters were notorious rough-necks. Yankee masters were relatively cultured. They developed a social superiority over their competitors.

Those were the days of tramp ships; there were no regular lines of operation. The well-mannered, well-dressed Yankee, familiar with the cultures of a dozen peoples, took many a cargo away from the bully-boy Britisher who was his principal competitor. He created a marine tradition.

We developed an aristocracy of the sea.

Five Crowninshields were masters of five ships plying out of Salem. They were educated gentlemen, like the other captains of their port. They had gone to school until they were eleven. Then they went to sea as apprentices, continuing their studies under captains and mates who more often than not were relatives and who almost invariably were close friends of the family. By the time such a youngster was twenty-five he was familiar with every variety of rig, every variety of hull. His knowledge of marline-spike seamanship was inclusive. He was an executive leader. He was an extraordinary navigator. He spoke French and Spanish with some fluency. Probably he had a smattering of Chinese, Kanaka and what not. He had initiative as well as discipline.

Twenty-year-old Charles Derby of the Salem Derbys made a voyage as mate of the *Benjamin* and made a profit of \$4,000 as his share. He was typical of the enterprising youth of his day.

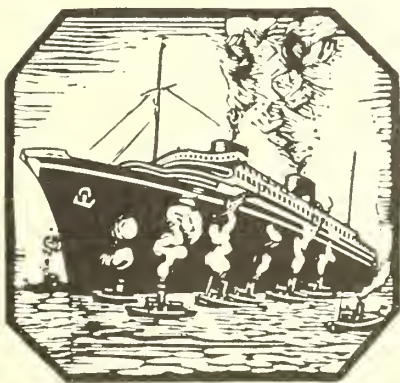
They found cargoes everywhere. Fifty years before Commodore Perry opened up Japan, New Englanders had traded in Nipponese ports. Evicted by the Shogunate, they slipped back and carried on a thriving bootleg trade for two generations.

Our shipbuilding industry grew with our trade. Congress hastened to lend further encouragement. Our tonnage duties were changed

to offer greater favoritism to American keels. Ten years after the Revolution, we had gained 300,000 tons of foreign shipping. We carried ninety-one per cent of our imports and eighty-six per cent of our exports.

But our new-won prosperity was subject to the whims of European militarism.

The French Revolution brought about a Franco-British conflict. Enjoying something of the status of Russia today, France opened her ports to all neutral ships on an equal basis with French ships. England refused to recognize neutrality. Began the program of search and seizure that led (Continued on page 36)



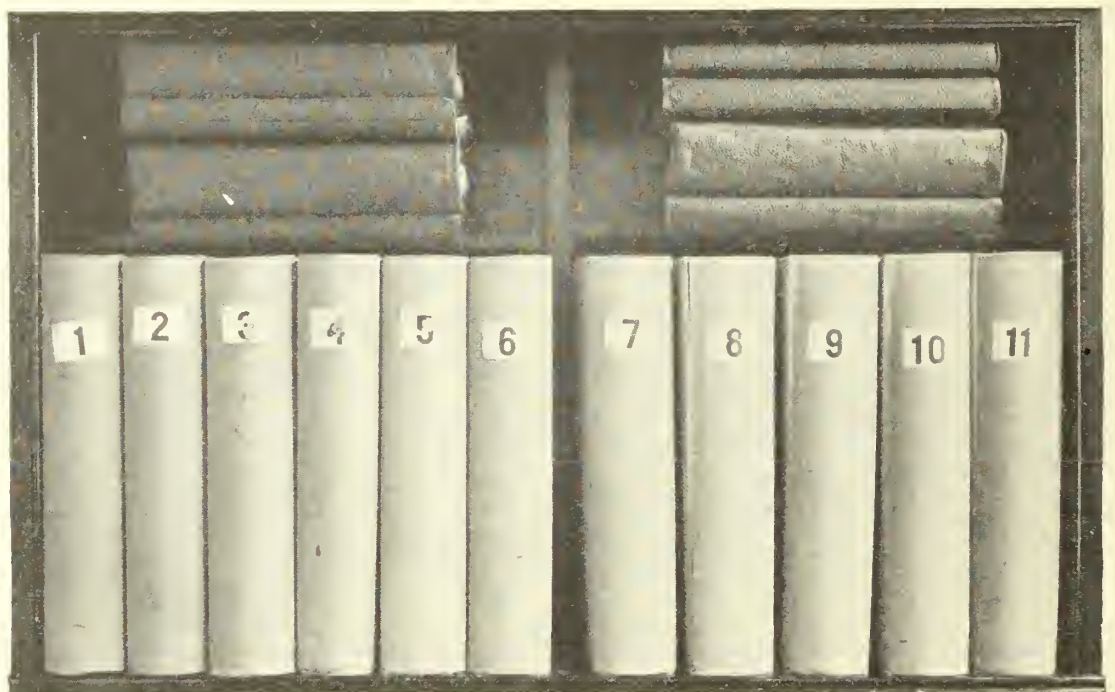


# ANNOUNCING — WHEN MR. MADE

**T**HE soldier, more than anyone else, appreciates to the full that modern war is not a mere matter of running out with a gun and shooting off a trespasser. Several rather important battles, to be sure, have consisted in little else than that. The Yankee farmers who stood their ground at

Concord Bridge simply left their firesides, with or without breakfast, on the morning of April 19, 1775, chased the British back to Boston, and then returned and cleaned their muskets on their own doorsteps. It is a far cry from such informal combat to a campaign like that of the Meuse-Argonne, in which an American army of a million men, fighting three thousand miles from its base on a front of a hundred kilometers, struggled for forty-six days against a heavily-massed foe equipped, like itself, with all the ingenious apparatus of destruction that modern science could devise.

Battle waged on a scale of such magnitude requires more than a skirmish line of infantry, more than weight of supporting artillery, more than an uninterrupted flow of communications with brigade and division headquarters a few kilometers in the rear, more than a steady feeding of rations to gun, beast and man. It requires organization—a higher degree of organization than is needed to conduct whatsoever enterprise in time of peace. And the organization problem of the American



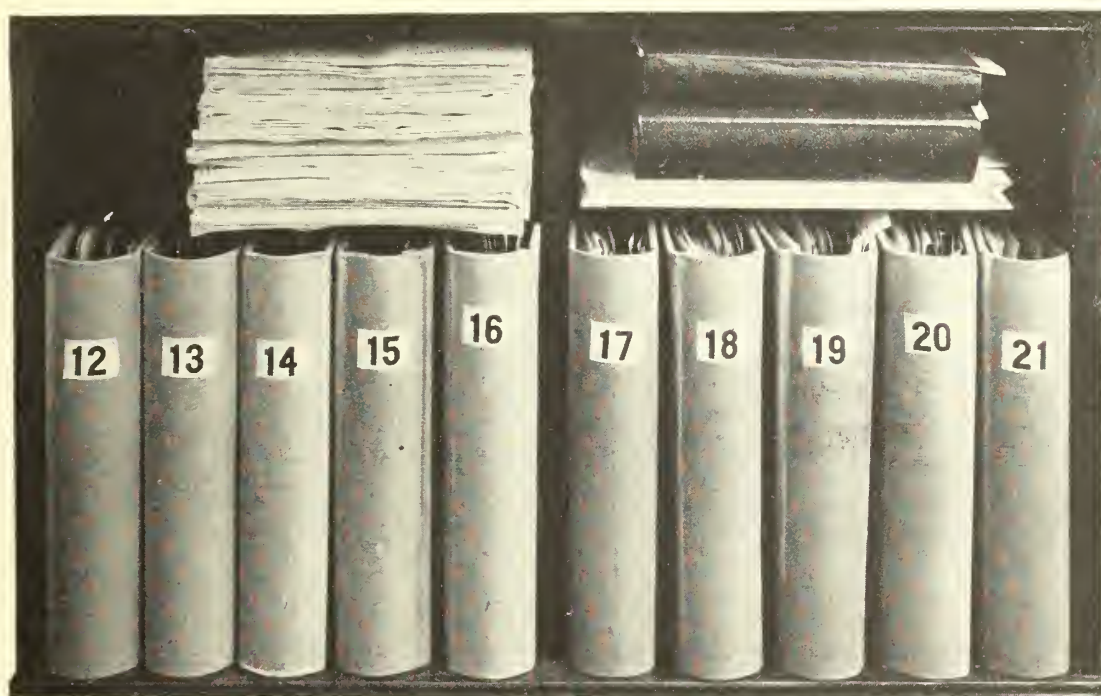
Expeditionary Forces in 1917 and 1918 (not to mention some tolerably important details that carried over into 1919) was certainly unique among such problems even in time of war. Never had so vast an assemblage of embattled manpower been transported over so perilous a sea. And over this treacherous ocean trail moved not alone men, but all that men must have with which to fight, as well as clothes to fight in and food to fight outside of—staggering tons of equipment that had to be unloaded and stored in overseas bases until the doughboy in the line had use for it.

The doughboy himself might have been likened to a skilled worker in the finishing department of a vast manufacturing establishment. For the whole American war machine was in reality a mammoth factory that was seeking to turn out a single product—victory. From the main office the president of the corporation, Woodrow Wilson, exercised general executive control. It was not his specific task—it could not be, with so formidable an enterprise on his hands—to maintain



# BAKER WAR

*These two shelves of scrapbooks contain the personal documents which former Secretary of War Newton D. Baker turned over to Frederick Palmer as his contribution to the source material for "When Mr. Baker Made War," the first installment of which will appear in the November American Legion Monthly*



it was running, so to speak, on part time, with only stock orders to fill, and with its minor executives and foremen devoting their skill and knowledge of the industry to perfecting the machine and the machinists, maintaining the plant at such a pitch of efficiency that it could be expanded and geared to high

detailed technical supervision over the intricate business of the plant in which the actual product was being assembled. The industry of war is indescribably complex and ramified; on President Wilson's shoulders rested not alone responsibility for the operation of the plant, but such other supremely important details as relations with affiliated corporations and a ceaseless study of the activities of a powerful, desperate and occasionally unscrupulous group of competitors. Assisting President Wilson, therefore, were several department heads to each of whom was entrusted the supervision of a special task in the operation of the war concern.

One of these departments was concerned solely and specifically with the actual production of a military victory. It was called, quite properly, the War Department. At its head was a lawyer and former mayor of Cleveland named Newton D. Baker whose previous acquaintance with war was limited to the fact that his father had been a private under General Robert E. Lee. He had assumed charge of the War Department when

production speed if and when an emergency arrived. The plant was put to something of a test the instant Mr. Baker assumed his duties as its main executive. A cylinder head blew out on the Mexican border (its name was Villa)—blew right across the border, in fact, and made the name of Columbus, New Mexico, world famous overnight. A tight-lipped, painstaking factory superintendent named Pershing who was already on the border went to Columbus with a repair crew.

It is common knowledge to the considerable remnant of the two million men who made up the American Expeditionary Forces, and of the two million who, in the pink of training, waited in the home camps for a battle summons that never sounded, that there never actually was such a piece of equipment as a fur-lined messkit. Had there been one, the order for it would have had to pass across Mr. Baker's desk. So far as America's four million overnight soldiers were concerned, Mr. Baker's desk was the focal point, the axis, the mainspring of the war. From April 6, 1917 (and

New York, November 5, 1929.

Hon. Newton D. Baker,  
Cleveland, Ohio.

My dear Mr. Baker:

Your kind letter about my new book I value deeply as coming from a maker of history. It gives me the opportunity to add my own to the many reminders you must have received that you owe future generations a book of your own about your administration of the War Department during the World War.

You had the active executive responsibility for all our effort in France and all the training and organization for its support. Reports from all directions came to your desk where major policies were formed and vital decisions were made.

If you have definitely decided that you will not do a first hand narrative I suggest that you turn over your papers and correspondence to someone who may supplement them not only by reference to all available documentary sources but by talks, while their memories are still comparatively fresh, with living men who had important parts in the War. Naturally, access to such a rich mine of information would be the privilege of a member of your intimate official family. My own brief association with you was when I was assigned by General Pershing to conduct you to the trenches and along the battle front in France. However, I should have the advantage of a certain detachment for a task which I should welcome if I were assured of a free hand.

I am, with all good wishes,

Faithfully yours,

*Frederick Palmer*

before that) to November 11, 1918 (and after that) it was the center of the American military solar system. On it, if it did not wear out as a result of the unprecedented strain to which it was subjected, the history of America's part in the war ought to be written. Mr. Baker, obviously, knows more about America's part in the war than any other single individual can ever hope to know. General Pershing, it must be conceded, also knows a lot about it. But General Pershing, after all, like Sergeant Alvin C. Yorke and Private John W. Doughboy, was only working for Mr. Baker.

The fact that Mr. Baker is a living encyclopaedia of war data, that he knows the inside story of thrilling days as no man can hope to know it again, has hardly been a secret during the past dozen years. Many attempts have been made to induce him to tell it, but he has modestly and stoutly held to his plan to go down in history as one war statesman who would not pass in a cloud of his own memoirs. It is, therefore, with pride as well as pleasure that The American Legion Monthly announces that Mr. Baker has turned over to Frederick Palmer all his wartime papers, and given Mr. Palmer full authorization to do with them as he will. The con-

fidence which Mr. Baker thus evidences in Mr. Palmer's ability, intelligence and acumen reflects the sound judgment of an earlier editor of the Legion's official magazine who seven years ago won Mr. Palmer as the contributor of "A Personal Page", which has since that time appeared without intermission in every issue of the old American Legion Weekly and the present American Legion Monthly. Responsibility for the material used in "When Mr. Baker Made War" (except, of course, for actual quotation) will be vested exclusively in Mr. Palmer.

Of Frederick Palmer's qualifications for the task which he now assumes it would be idle to speak at length to a Legion audience. The story behind Mr. Baker's choice of Mr. Palmer is told in the interesting exchange of letters between them which appear in facsimile with this announcement. Frederick Palmer was born in Pleasantville, Pennsylvania, in 1873, which fact accounts entirely for his failure to be present at the Mexican and Civil Wars with a typewriter in his knapsack. By way of compensation he has been present at most of the important wars of

the past generation—the generation in which the average-age Legionnaire was born and grew to soldierhood. At twenty-four he was enjoying a ringside seat in the Greco-Turkish collision of 1897—the last important war, perhaps, in which it was possible to stand on a neighboring hill and get a birdseye view of a whole battle. The Klondike gold rush drew him to Alaska, not as a prospector but as a newspaperman, and the same urge for information found him in the Philippines in time to see Dewey win his victory at Manila Bay. He returned with Dewey around the world, and the following year (1900) he began another round-the-world excursion which took him back to the Philippines and into China in time to be present at the relief of Peking. Nineteen three presented him with a Central American fracas followed by an insurrection in Macedonia, both of which he attended. During the Russo-Japanese War he was with the first Japanese army in the field. In 1907-'08 he made another tour of the globe, this time with the American battleship fleet. There followed another trip to Central America, and in 1909 he was in the Levant once more for the Turkish Revolution. The Balkan Wars took him to Europe yet again in 1912, and in 1914



MARY ANN DUBOIS  
 JOHN ELLIOTT DUBOIS  
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 FRANK F. DUBOIS  
 MILDRED DUBOIS  
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 WILLIAM E. DUBOIS  
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 DONALD E. DUBOIS  
 DONALD E. DUBOIS  
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BAKER, HOSTETLER & SIDLO  
COUNSELLORS AT LAW  
UNION TRUST BUILDING  
CLEVELAND

January 6, 1930

Colonel Frederick Palmer  
1185 Park Avenue  
New York City

My dear Colonel Palmer:-

I have your letter of November 5 and am delightedly astonished that you could be willing to examine my paper with a view to determining whether or not you would care to make them the basis of a research and ultimately of a book. I have no autobiographical intentions. Indeed, I doubt the worthwhileness of such a labor as you suggest, but upon this subject it is not necessary for me to speak to one, who, like you, has devoted years to research.

I have had all of the correspondence which I brought back from Washington bound in loose leaf volumes so that the letters and answers appear alphabetically by authors and chronologically by years. There are twenty-one of these volumes. Much of this material is, of course, trifling and personal, but it is just as I brought it from Washington after my secretaries had gone over it to make sure that I was bringing away no public documents which belonged to the Government and I have never had the courage to try to weed out of it mere casual personal tidbits which, of course, have no importance. All of that, and everything else I have, I would be delighted to turn over to you for any use you cared to make of it, with the understanding that when you were through, it would come back to me, as I think its ultimate possession should be either in, or decided by, my children. Frankly, there is no living person into whose hands I would so willingly entrust these papers, or who would take as much interest in the official records of the War Department as I would have more confidence. The reasons for this are obvious. You were on the Western Front throughout the entire period of the War and in a relation to the military situation there which saturated you with its atmosphere and enabled you to see the experience of the British with their new army as a basis for judgment upon our own army when it made its appearance in France. To this I will only add that I think I

*Letters shown on pages 18 and 19  
copyright, 1930, by  
Frederick Palmer*

BAKER, HOSTETLER & SIDLO

have read every book you have written and they have uniformly demonstrated your patient fidelity to history.

I have always had a deep feeling of regret that the true story of the War Department activities during the World War had not been told. A great number of men who had money enough and age enough to have stepped aside from war burdens without incurring criticism came to Washington and devoted themselves with utter self-sacrifice to make a success of our country's effort. My belief is that the great task, novel in character and unprecedented in size, was on the whole well done. If that is true, those who helped to do it are entitled to feel the satisfaction of knowing that their efforts were worthy of the cause which they served and of the spirit in which their service was given.

My own responsibilities and performances in the Tar Department were such that it would be impossible for me to have any illusion about them. Each day of twenty-four hours had a week's work packed into it, and that there were errors and shortcomings is not only not surprising but also inevitable. I was conscious of them at the time, as I am now, but I have been comforted by the feeling that we all did and gave our best.

If after examining these papers, you should come to the conclusion that you cared to go forward, I would be happy to hold myself in readiness to answer any questions you cared to ask and to explain anything, either in the papers or out of them, which you thought would be helped by a further search of my recollection. I should have no wish either to see any part of your manuscript in advance of publication, or to know the judgments reached by you. It is inevitably awkward to write a story which in any degree centers around a living person. I cannot remove that awkwardness conveniently, but I can wholly and entirely free you by not knowing what you are doing until it is done.

Personal regards, believe me  
Cordially yours,  
C. M. [Signature]

With warm personal regards, believe me

Cordially yours,

Newtoo D. Baker

NDB:C

in the four corners of the earth and everywhere between. The exception is a biography, "Clark of the Ohio," published last year—the book to which allusion is made in the letter from Mr. Palmer to Mr. Baker which is reproduced in facsimile on the opposite page.

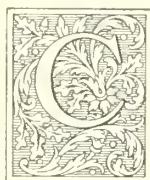
"When Mr. Baker Made War," by Frederick Palmer, will begin in the November issue of *The American Legion Monthly* and will continue through the October, 1931, number. During the time Mr. Palmer's narrative is appearing his "Personal Page", as he explains in the present issue, will be suspended. It will be restored on the completion of "When Mr. Baker Made War".

Through the courtesy of the National Broadcasting Company, a monthly Radio program based on "When Mr. Baker Made War" will be broadcast at times and dates which will be announced later. Readers of The American Legion Monthly are asked to watch the newspapers for details.



*For God and country, we associate ourselves together for the following purposes: To uphold and defend the Constitution of the United States of America; to maintain law and order; to foster and perpetuate a one hundred percent Americanism; to preserve the memories and incidents of our association in the Great War; to inculcate a sense of individual obligation to the community, state and nation; to combat the autocracy of both the classes and the masses; to make right the master of might; to promote peace and good will on earth; to safeguard and transmit to posterity the principles of justice, freedom and democracy; to consecrate and sanctify our comradeship by our devotion to mutual helpfulness.—Preamble to the Constitution of The American Legion.*

## An American Institution



CALIFORNIA comes with velvet jackets and breeches, silken sashes and flat, broad-brimmed spangled hats, present-day señors from Los Angeles, San Francisco and Sacramento. California greets Maine which wears garments of vivid green, symbolical of the rolling pine forests which once provided masts and hull timbers for the gallant frigates of the first American Navy. Maine singing its Stein Song! Texas rides in on horseback with ten-gallon hats, chaps and spurs and lariats, its cowboy band booming the mournful lay of the old gray mare who ain't what she used to be. Iowa marches on like the hosts of an invading Army, a cornfield in motion. The Iowan's tall corn song—"I-O-Way, I-O-Way, Best State in the Land"—rolls in and out of crowded streets, haunting snatches of melody. Florida arrives, a flood tide of orange and white and gold uniforms. Cocoanuts from Miami and oranges from groves along the gulf—free to everybody. Forty-three other States also: Kansas with its sunflowers, Ohio with its buckeyes, Michigan with its wolverine, Minnesota with its gopher, Wisconsin with its badger, Montana with its Powder River boys, Missouri with mules and corncocks, and so on right down the line, from Alabama to Wyoming.

There, ladies and gentlemen, you have the actors of America's greatest national pageant, the parade on the second day of The American Legion's national convention in Boston, October 6th to 9th. For five hours they will march down historic thoroughfares and past scenes that recall America's founding days, while two million New England citizens will see in them the whole nation passing in review. Not only in the parade will they march; the Legion's national convention is a pageant and a review from beginning to end. From the Sunday night when the vanguard of delegates and Legionnaire visitors begins to mingle with Boston's everyday crowds until the last day of the convention when the tired bands and drum corps are tramping toward their trains, the streets of Boston will be brilliant with uniforms of all colors and the hat and coat decorations of forty-eight States.

Those who have seen more than one national convention of the Legion know that it does not depend wholly upon its host city to provide atmosphere and inspiration. The carnival spirit is spontaneous and expansive. It will flourish in Boston as it flourished in Louisville, in Philadelphia and in Paris, whole-souled and exuberant but never trespassing the bounds of good taste and decorum which are set by self-respect. The Legion furnished to the world an unparalleled example of good behavior on holiday three years ago

when it went to Paris. There it was three thousand miles away from its native land. No restraint was imposed upon it, because of the perfect hospitality of its host. The Legion was Paris's guest in a week without a shadow of reproach.

At Boston the Legion will have many reasons for rejoicing in its accomplishments in 1930. It can take real pride in the fact that National Commander Bodenhamer had the vision and determination and the necessary ability to make this a year for a surprisingly large membership gain. A lesser leader, surveying the national skies a year ago, might have concluded that all signs were against a membership increase. There had been a slackening of industry and the country was wrestling with difficulties of many sorts. Mr. Bodenhamer took up his task with courage, appealed to that wonderful spirit which is always ready for any Legion work and had the satisfaction of seeing every State rally behind him. In July the Legion had enrolled more than 850,000 members, the largest enrollment in its entire history and a gain of 60,000 over the year before.

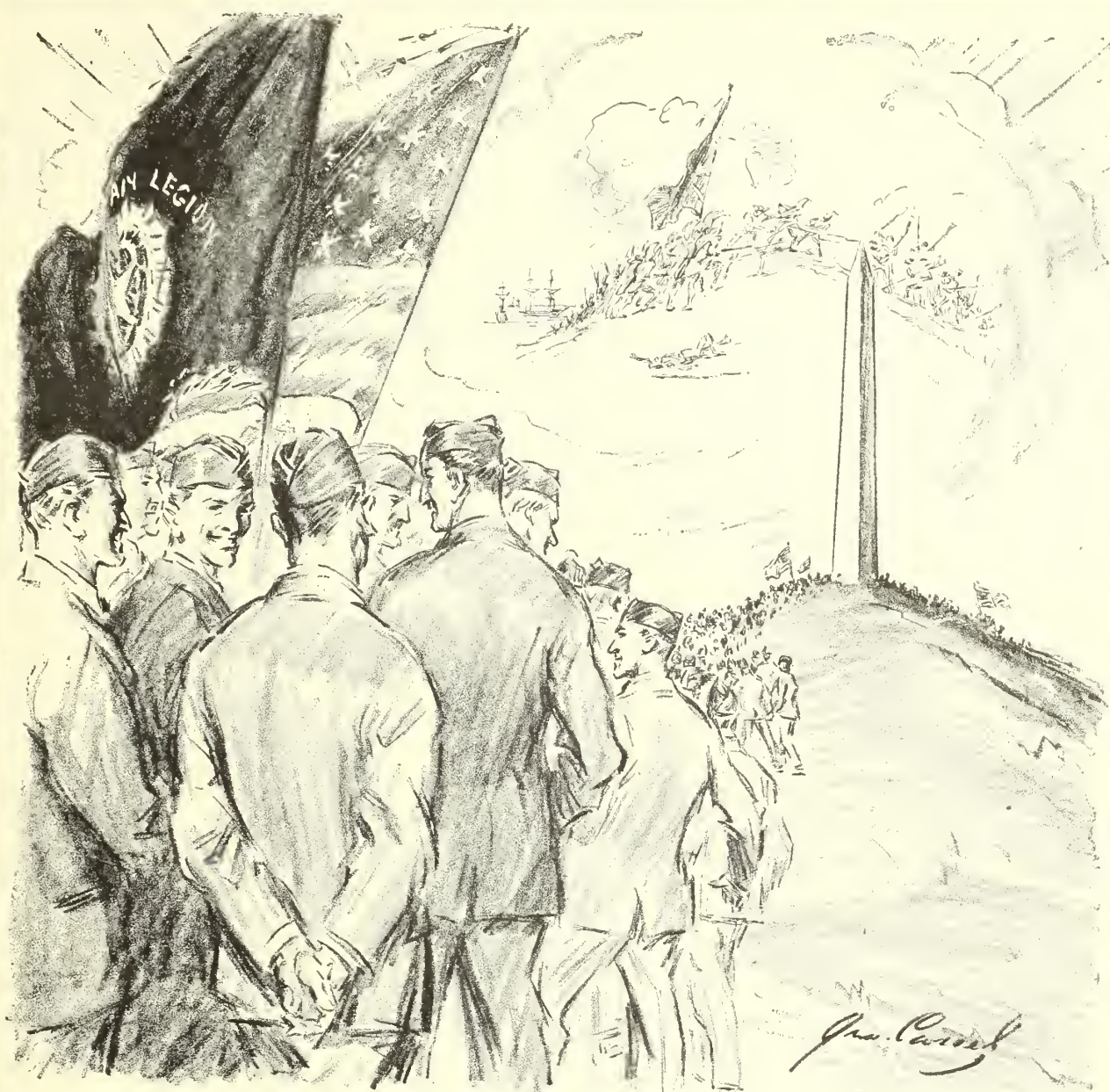
This membership was matched by an unusual record of legislative accomplishment. Direct and far-reaching help was given to disabled service men in and out of hospitals by a series of new laws, some of them as important as any which Congress has enacted for service men in the last ten years.

Legislation for the disabled began auspiciously with the enactment of the Rogers Act in the final days of 1929. This made \$15,950,000 available for new hospital construction, providing 4,491 much-needed extra beds. Immediately after the passage of the hospital construction bill, the Legion presented to Congress a long series of requests for amendments to the World War Veterans' Act, embodying recommendations of the Louisville national convention. Consideration of these proposals led to the passage in the final hours of the last Congress of the Johnson Act, a measure which extended immediate governmental assistance to 150,000 disabled service men unable to prove that their disabilities originated in war service. The principle of paying disability allowances for non-service-connected disabilities, established by the Johnson Act, will in future years apply to many hundreds of thousands of disabled men in need.

The Hawley Act was enacted at the Legion's request to give validity to 40,000 applications for adjusted compensation which had been received after the time limit for making applications. This act also extended to January 2, 1935, the period in which adjusted compensation applications may be made.

Another important measure was the law consoli-





## BUNKER HILL, 1775-1930

dating the Veterans Bureau, the Pension Bureau and the National Home for Disabled Volunteer Soldiers. By this act all veterans' agencies are placed under one head known as the Administrator of Veterans' Affairs. General Frank T. Hines, long director of the Veterans Bureau, was confirmed as the new administrator. The economies and increased efficiency effected by the consolidation law justify the belief that the Legion rendered a real public service in successfully advocating its enactment.

The passage of a resolution creating a commission to study the question of a universal draft marked a major Legion victory which followed many years of effort. The Legion long has maintained that the country can only be brought to adequate preparedness against war if capital and manpower are rendered subject to mobilization upon equal terms.

While Congress was considering the Legion's legislative requests, the Legion was continuously carrying on in almost every community activities for the public welfare. National Commander Bodenhamer last

spring requested every post to organize a Boy Scout troop and a junior baseball team, promote a "safety first" campaign, establish a park or playground and mark its town for the guidance of aviators. Later, Mr. Bodenhamer requested every post to sponsor courses of flag education in the schools, arrange for the presentation of American Legion school award medals, sponsor school courses on the Constitution and programs during American Education Week and to arrange for the appearance of Legion speakers in every class during the first week of school this year. The 10,000 posts of the Legion will send to Boston their spokesmen to report how well these tasks have been performed.

Every Legion national convention is an important historic event. The record of this past year, the magnitude of new tasks of the present and the problems that loom on the Legion's horizon will unquestionably combine to give the Boston convention a surpassing significance, apart from the impressiveness of the pageant itself.



# TRIFLES LIGHT as AIR

By John W. Heisman

**F**OR want of a nail a shoe was lost; for want of a shoe first a horse, then a king was lost, and for want of a king I suppose a queen mounted the throne or else the gentleman who was short on kings was likewise on the short end of the jackpot.

Similarly, victory or defeat in a number of important football games seems to have followed from the turnover of some player's chewing gum. Such happenings are often referred to as breaks—presumably because they break both pocketbooks and hearts.

An example of a bad break in football would be where the defensive safety man fumbles a punt on his own ten-yard line and a player of the kicker's side recovers the ball then and there. You may have heard the trite expression that he—or she, as the case may be—looked (or looks) "like a dropped punt," which needs no explanation to those who follow football; and it has been remarked by eminent authorities that, rather than fumble in a tight football game, one might better have died in infancy.

Now while the pages of history teem with cases of where a fumble resulted in the loss of the game to the other team, those same pages are not as cluttered with instances of where a fumbling player straightway won the game because of his own fumble. Yet once, at least, this really happened.

That was back in 1921, when Pittsburgh and Lafayette were starting their long series of very-early-season games with each other. Both teams were brim full and running over with stars of the first water and a great game was expected. Rightly so, for nearly the entire game was played in midfield and each team had but one real chance to score. Pitt's opportunity came very late in the game, and she muffed it altogether, while Lafayette's chance came very early, and was almost fozzled by—but that's the story.

Well, here's Lafayette, with the ball on Pitt's seven-yard line, last down and goal to gain. It's now or never and the situation is clearly desperate. Famous Bots Brunner is playing left half and is giving signals for the Leopards, and here's what he now orders:

The ball is snapped to the Maroon full-back. He darts off to the right and slyly hands the ball to his criss-crossing right half, who swirls leftward with it and cunningly slips it to left half Brunner who again imparts to the ball rightward pendulation. In a word, the two fake thrusts at the extremities will now be followed by a genuine assault at the spot first threatened, the right end.

Who designed this crazy thing? No other than Pop Warner himself, coach of the visiting Panthers. Pitt had sprung the play the year before and Lafayette had simply stolen some of Pop's thunder and a lot of Pitt's lightning.

But inasmuch as Warner had already taught the play, truly and well, to his own team, what more natural than that a pleased grin should o'erspread the visages of the young Pittsburghers

as they recognized their own triple-pass end run zigzagging before them as in a huge mirror. "Tee-hee!" they snigger. "We know more about where this play winds up than they do themselves," and forthwith some eight gaunt Panthers go bounding stealthily out toward their own left extremity.

Yes, here comes Brunner right toward them and hell bent for leather. But just as he gets behind his own center the ball slips out from beneath his arm. Instantly Bots turns to recover it. As he snatches it to him he stumbles and loses his balance. Only by a quick, desperate, lurching stride in the direction his feet are already pointed is he able to avoid falling prone on his face; and by the continuing operation of the law of center of gravity he is compelled to take another, and after that yet a third, step in the same direction.

At once it is seen that Bots's deflected stumble is taking him along the only route that could have yielded him an inch, for Pitt's center trio and secondary defenders have all rushed out to head him off at their own left end, leaving no one to guard their midline sector. And so, one-two-three spasmodic, staggering steps, with neither friend nor foe to bar his path or even flag him, then toppling Brunner dives crashingly to earth. Ecstatically his mates pounce upon him and pommel his back, while a roar of joy comes avalanching down from the Easton stands. Bots gazes dazedly about and slowly comprehends that he has fumbled, stumbled and crumpled his way to a touchdown and has won the game—for 6-0 is how that contest ends. Thereafter the triple pass was sent through center as often as around the ends.

This game was not lost by a nail, but it was won by a horseshoe.

Some one said it was Destiny that picked up Brunner's feet and placed them in the one shining path to glory, but on other occasions Fate has been known to step in, like an ancient mythological god, and take sides against a mortal whose humanly flawless game would otherwise surely have won the victory.

But that's exactly why football is a great game for boys to play: they learn to keep their chins up under that sort of thing and to become fine sports. That, at least, was the consolation Elmer Oliphant, ex-Army and All-American player, was offered back in 1917, right after Fate had played him a scurvy trick.

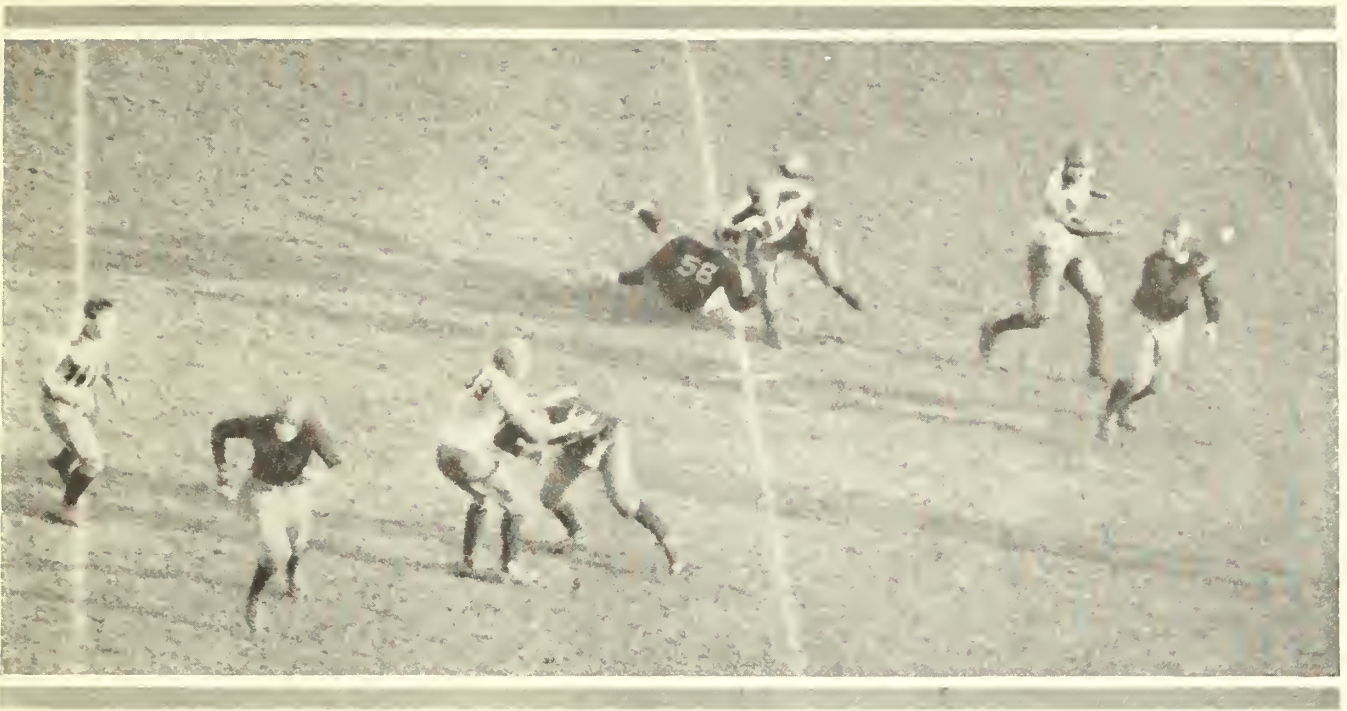
I think I'll explain right here that, in those days, the cross bar between the goal posts at West Point was an iron rod. It consisted of two halves that were held together, in the exact center of the space between the uprights, by an iron locking nut. This nut was slightly thicker than the bar and so stuck up half an inch above it.

With the score of the game 0-0 and only about two minutes left to play, Army has the ball for last down on Notre Dame's 48-yard line. A try for field goal is the obvious thing, especially when you have a sharpshooter of the calibre of "Ollie Elephant."



*Pop Warner, strategist extraordinary for the past quarter century of American football. As coach successively of the Carlisle Indians, Pittsburgh and Stanford, his elevens have usually been just a bit too keen for their opponents*





*Potter of Harvard throwing a pass in the Harvard-Indiana game in 1927. Later he had a chance to make a touchdown, but because he thought the line must be crossed between the uprights, he hesitated and was downed on the six-yard line. But a down or two afterward the touchdown was scored just the same*

Comes the signal. Oliphant paces back ten yards from the ball and takes position on the Nomads' 58-yard line. Long he gazes at that distant pair of needle spires. It will be a place kick. Chuck Gerhardt gets down on one knee to hold the ball for him. "You can do it, old man," chirps Chuck, and signals for the snap. The ball comes spiralling back to him and quickly he sets it, while the Rocknemen charge down upon them both.

Giving them no heed, the great tow-headed back steps into the ball and belts it with tremendous might and perfect precision. As though belched from the mouth of a Big Bertha the ball shoots up and up and on and on, and straight toward the goal posts. As it zooms away on its long journey the players of both teams stand and gaze after it, with mingled fears and hopes trailing it like the tail of a comet. There is no slightest waver in this arrow flight. Like a falcon pouncing on a sleeping hare, the ball strikes the upper part of that binding nut, and there it seems to glue and hang suspended for an age. Will it bounce over or bound back? The outcome of the game hangs on whether that top half inch of iron nut will Verdun the ball or not. Finally the oval flops limply back into the field of play, is ruled a touchback and the game ends in a scoreless tie.

Tell you what—this Oliphant was just too darned good that day. Think of it—splitting a bar 58 yards away into mathematical halves. Had Einstein hurried up his relativity theory a few years, Elmer would have had the benefit thereof in this game.

Doubtless he would have recalled that distant objects near the sun are never quite where they seem, and he would have wrapped his curve around that nut.

Game lost by Einstein—I mean by a nut.

But in another 0-0 game, and one of equal importance, the kicked ball did go over and win for its kicker, single handed, by the final score of 3-0, after experiencing an unprecedented adventure.

This bit of nocus-pocus—and it was just that—flared out in a battle

royal that took place at Princeton on November 11, 1911, with the Tigers striving desperately to repulse the Indians from Dartmouth.

W. D. DeWitt (no relation to the great John) was the man of Destiny on this occasion. His drop-kick got away nicely, cleared the heads of both rush lines and headed straight for Dartmouth's goal posts. Suddenly, however, the oval appeared to take a nose dive. It smacked the earth loudly, rebounded high and kept right on its previous course, clearing the ten foot cross bar with plenty to spare. The referee called it a goal, and Princeton had won by a bounce. For DeWitt's freak kick proved to be the only score of the game.

That winter the rule was changed, because of this unique incident, and now the ball must go over on the fly.

An incident no less remarkable is said to have occurred many years ago in a game refereed by Fred Crolius, of Dartmouth, that was played by two second-rate teams in western Pennsylvania.

In this match a policeman on one side of the field observed a crowd gathering quickly on the opposite side line. To get there quickly he crossed the field behind the defensive team, crying as he went, "Hey, what's it all about?"

"About over," replied a quickwitted lad, and it was, for at that instant the ball was drop-kicked by the offensive team in an attempted field goal. The ball went wide, but it struck the policeman on the shoulder and bounded from thence right over the bar. And what could you call it but a goal, seeing that policemen, like officials, are only "furniture" of the game. "Kill the cop!" yelled somebody, and the ayes had it.

While we're on the subject of games won and lost by crazy field goals, I'll tell about the time my Alabama Poly team journeyed to Nashville to play Vanderbilt, and lost a perfectly good game there by an incident equally silly as the last. This was in 1895.

In those (Continued on page 54)



*Elmer Oliphant of West Point, whose fifty-eight yard place kick went for naught when a nut on the cross bar deflected it back into the playing field*



# B. FRANKLIN *Electrician*

MARVELS that the lofty imaginations of the Greeks declined

By MARQUIS JAMES

to assign to their gods, lest they render them ridiculous in the eyes of rational men, are ours at the closing of a switch, the touch of a button. This is not because the citizens of the Greek commonwealth were a sluggish people mentally. It is simply that the mind of man today moves in a universe unknown to them.

What sent it thither? What marked the departure from old ways to the new?

In the main it was the discovery of the powers of electricity that set this milestone in the pathway of human progress; and in the utilization of that power the citizens of this commonwealth led the world. Upon electricity Americans have become so dependent that were it to fail us our elaborate social order would be chaos.

Fifty years ago the withdrawal of steam would have rather broken things up. One hundred years ago if all horses had died mankind would have been at a similar disadvantage. Man leaned on the horse for thousands of years. He only began to lean on electricity seventy years ago. Yet at any time in his history he could have got along in a pinch without horses more easily than he could do now without electric current. So much for a roughly comparative idea of what this new agency means to man. It has become the all-pervading force of our lives, and this in the incredibly short space of time since, within the recollection of our grandsires, electricity performed its first practical service for man in the form of the telegraph.

It may seem a curious thing that in this country where such a short time ago a civilization was being hewn by hand with the broadax we should be more dependent upon the goodwill of electricity than any people on the globe. But more curious, I think, is the almost forgotten story than an American played in the discoveries that placed this revolutionary force at the disposal of human beings. Before the war of the Revolution a British colonial residing in Philadelphia and proud of his allegiance to his king across the ocean had carried the science of electricity beyond anything attained in the laboratories of Europe. Today about the only part of Benjamin Franklin's services in the field of science that survives in the popular mind is a misty school-days memory of the kite experiment. Yet Printer Ben was the first man to turn a wheel by electricity, the power that turns more wheels today than any other.

In 1746, at the age of forty, Franklin revisited his birthplace in Boston which he had left twenty-three years before as a runaway apprentice. He was now a settled man, married, the proprietor of a prosperous newspaper and publishing plant and member of the legislature of the colony of Pennsylvania. In Boston he was entertained at the residence of a Dr. Spence, who had lately brought from Scotland one of those novel electric tubes that were the rage of European drawing rooms and the puzzle of European scientists. It was new to the visitor, and any new thing appealed to Benjamin Franklin. To broaden the scope of his reading he had, not long since, taught himself the

French, Spanish, Italian and Latin languages, at the same time keeping up his swimming. Franklin had few equals as a swimmer and

published a manual of instruction on the art.

A few weeks after Franklin's return home a parcel of books arrived from England for the public library in Philadelphia, of which Franklin was a founder. Accompanying the books was an electrical tube like the one Franklin had seen in Boston, with directions for using. It was the gift of Peter Collinson, a London merchant with interests in America, an amateur scientist and friend of the Philadelphia printer and editor. Franklin took possession of the tube long enough to have duplicates blown by a local glassmaker. With these he mastered the simple experiments given in the chart of instruction and invented others.

The electrical tube was regarded as an entertaining toy. It was simply a glass cylinder two and a half feet long and as big around as a man's wrist. Briskly rubbed with cloth or buckskin it generated electricity so that held in contact with articles it would produce a spark, lighting candles or the rum on an omelette, or firing a pinch of gunpowder in a lady's hand. The droll Franklin loved company and jokes and his tricks brought nightly gatherings to his comfortable parlor. But as the editor's interest in the mysterious power deepened so much society became a burden and he gave away a number of tubes so that his acquaintances might amuse themselves elsewhere. With three friends—Ebenezer Kinnersley, a brilliant but poverty-ridden school teacher out of employment, Thomas Hopkinson, a man of means and the first president of the American Philosophical Society, and Philip Sing, a member of the Society—he began a serious study of electricity.

All Europe was similarly engaged, society entertaining itself while scientists guessed and probed. Electrical experimentation had received a great impetus two years before when three Germans at the University of Leyden contrived, somewhat accidentally, the Leyden jar, by which the ephemeral electrical force generated by rubbing tubes could be artificially stored for future use. This invention marked the greatest stride since the electric properties of amber had been observed and discussed by the Greeks three hundred years before the birth of Christ. The

next great discoveries were those of Franklin and, as he was careful to record, his three collaborators. In seven years, or until public duties drove him from his little workshop with its home-made machines, Franklin became the foremost electrician of the world, and the colonial outpost of Philadelphia, on the rim of civilized life, the source to which savants working under the eyes and by means of the bounty of European monarchs looked for inspiration and authority.

Rubbing tubes was tiresome, so Sing made a machine, on the order of a grindstone, which accomplished the purpose by turning a crank. A similar contraption had been devised in Europe, but Franklin's group knew nothing of it. In their isolation they conducted many experiments and made several minor discoveries which already were known abroad. This



*An early artist's conception of the great kite experiment. Franklin's son William, here pictured as a young boy, was at the time actually a dressty man—about-town of twenty-two*



isolation seemed to favor the Americans, though. They worked untrammelled by mistaken theories which might have checked the bold and original progress of their work.

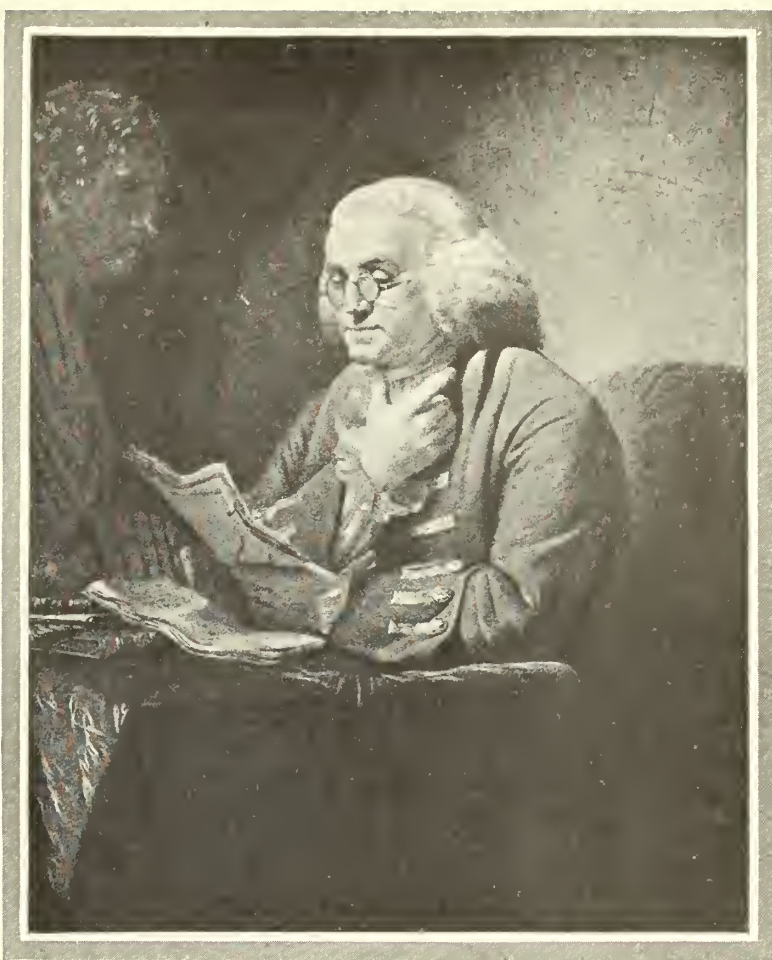
During the first year of his experiments Franklin revolutionized the science by his discovery of the positive and negative states of electricity, which he called minus and plus. It had early been his theory that electricity is not created by friction, but only collected. "The electrical fire," as he called it, exists in all bodies as a common ingredient. A body acquiring more than its normal amount of electricity he called plus, or positively electrified. A body from which had been subtracted some of its normal share of electricity was minus, or negatively electrified.

In the normal state of things the electricity was in a state of "equilibrium," and there was no movement to it. But when a plus, or over-electrified body, was brought in contact with a minus body, electricity would pass from the former to the latter, restoring equilibrium. Franklin established this by an experiment with three men, undoubtedly his co-workers Kinnersley, Hopkinson and Sing, whom he denominated in his minutes as A, B and C.

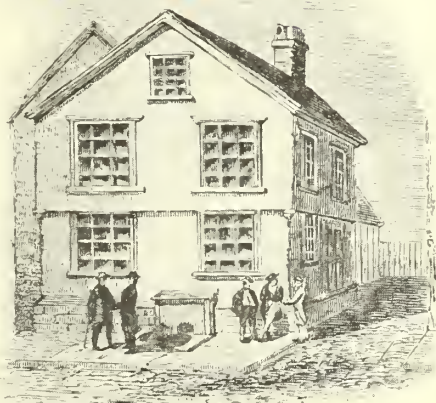
A stood on a pad of wax, which is a non-conductor, and rubbed a tube, thus collecting "the electrical fire from himself into the glass." His electrical contact with the outside world being cut off, there was no means by which his body could replenish the store of electricity drawn into the tube, so he became negatively electrified. B, also standing on wax, passed his knuckles near the tube held by A and drew off the electricity therein into his body, thus becoming plus or positively electrified. Then C, with merely a normal store of electricity in his system, held out his hand to A, the negatively electrified. A slight spark passed from C, the normal man, to A, the negative man. Then C approached B, the positively electrified, and received a slight spark. Then B, the positively electrified, approached A, the negatively electrified, and gave him a large spark, showing that the electrical current is something like water running down hill. It passes from the body charged most to the one charged least; the greater the difference between bodies the greater the rush of current to restore equilibrium.

Two months later Franklin connected his plus and minus discovery with the phenomena of attraction and repulsion. Already he had made the important discovery that the Leyden jar was positively electrified on the inside and negatively electrified on the outside. Running two wires up vertically, one from the positive inside and the other from the negative outside of the jar, he suspended a cork by a silk thread between the wires. The cork played back and forth like a pendulum until it exhausted the electrical force of the jar by distributing it equally between the wires. This experiment marked the beginning of man's understanding of the electrical current and brought to notice the principle of the electrical motor.

Franklin detailed the results of these experiments in letters which Collinson read before the foremost scientific body of England, the Royal Society. The reading took place after Watson, the leader of English electricians, had performed a series of experiments and promulgated a definite theory concerning the character of electricity. Watson discovered that earth is a conductor and transmitted an electric shock four miles over wire by grounding the ends. His explanation, however, contained no mention of the vital negative and positive principle of Franklin, whose letters threw the British experimenter and his associates into confusion. Dr. Watson wrote a clever paper contending that his theory and Franklin's were the same. This



*Benjamin Franklin, from the painting by David Martin, reproduced from an engraving in the Robert Fridenberg collection. At left, Franklin's birthplace at Boston*



led to a long dispute (in which Franklin, who cared nothing for personal credit, took no part) as to the actual originator of the negative and positive theory. There can be no doubt but that Franklin first enunciated it, and Watson's attempt in this instance to appropriate the discovery of another is happily overshadowed by his whole-hearted praise of Franklin in later years.

Franklin read every line he could get from abroad on the subject of his hobby. "Where does the charge in the Leyden jar lie?" was a question agitating everyone. Professor Musschenbroeck, one of the inventors of the jar, said it lay in the water. Watson said it lay in the inner tin foil coating of the container. Others had different theories, and reasons for them. Franklin said nothing until he knew the secret beyond dispute. All of Franklin's experiments seem so easy and so obvious it is little wonder that sometimes they nettled the Europeans, who must have felt rather out of countenance because such things had not occurred to them before. Franklin simply took the jar apart in such a way that the charge could not escape and thus tracked it down. It was a neat operation, though not essentially intricate or difficult. It was found that the charge resided in the glass of the jar.

This led Franklin to substitute for a jar plates of ordinary window glass, their flat sides joined by armatures of lead. He called this a storage "battery." It did not work very well, so he went back to the jars, joining several of them to obtain a larger amount of current. The predecessor of the battery as we know it now was invented the year that Franklin died by Galvani, an Italian.

At intervals Franklin continued to entertain his friends with electrical tricks. Kinnersley made an effigy of George II ("God preserve him," the loyal Franklin would say, when conducting a demonstration) so electrified that only when one attempted to remove the crown from the royal head would he receive a shock. Franklin wrought what seemed a feat of pure magic when he directed a current across the Schuylkill (Continued on page 42)



By Wallgren





# ❧ A PERSONAL VIEW ❧

by  
*Frederick Palmer*

THE bright spot in my monthly routine has been the writing of this page. I began it with the understanding that on a month's notice, either from the editor or myself, I should write my farewell. The editor has allowed it to continue. The good humor of readers in bearing with me has enriched a bond of fellowship which began with service days. I should like to think that all who have disagreed with me about some things have understood my motives and sometimes have agreed with me about others, when the object was to promote discussion which is the basis of free institutions.

Mr. Baker's own letter best expresses why for twelve months "A Personal View" gives way to a larger view of events in which the personalities of nearly four million men were concerned. The whole of the narrative, as it will be published in book form, will be too long to have space in any magazine. It had seemed to me that the portions which might be published serially would be nowhere so at home as in the pages of *The American Legion Monthly*. A better reason for this than I can give is expressed by Mr. Baker in a letter to F. H. Goff which I unearthed. This was not for publication, not a note for a speech or a sentimental occasion; just personal feeling expressed as friend to friend:

*"I am not as concerned as I should be, I fear, about the verdict of history. For the same reason it seems to me unworthy to worry about myself, when so many thousands participated in the Great War unselfishly and heroically who will find no place at all in the records which we make up and call history."*

At the time this was written many men who had served close to Mr. Baker were enraged about the article in the 12th Edition of the *Encyclopedia Britannica*, and were urging that he make some personal response. The *Encyclopedia* had said, "The charge that he was a pacifist was often made against him and his career as Secretary condemned throughout the United States as lacking in energy, foresight and ability, and especially for his failure to prepare adequately in the months immediately preceding the American declaration of war."

LIGHT can be thrown on many unanswered questions only by knowing what was done in the way of preparation, the events leading up to the War, and the uncertainty of what the Allies wanted of us after we were in the War. Therefore, I do not jump into the War at once.

Those of us who served in the Army in the World War, or helped to supply it with its daily bread, clothes, munitions, and transport, were too close to one part to understand much of the whole. I am trying to present the whole on the basis of the personal papers and correspondence of the man who was responsible for the whole from the forming of the battalions to the end. I shall make mistakes, but none by dodging the facts as revealed to me. The responsibility for the text is mine. Mr. Baker is responsible only where quoted in letters or in conversations in answer to my questions.

We shall have the inception of the impulses that moved public opinion and of the orders, sometimes so mystifying to those who had to obey them, which spread outward and downward to all workers at home and to the trenches. Records may take the place of guesses and reveal how much truth there has been in millions of words which have been written from the outside view. Novelists, who have made the sexual aspect of soldiering the subject of their brilliant pages, may start afresh on the scientific reports of pathological realities through official channels. Some of those who served "heroically and unselfishly" may have a better opinion of themselves and a lower or higher opinion of leaders of great repute.

IN keeping with Mr. Baker's own unconcern with "what they make up and call history," it is apparent that his personal files were undisturbed from the time they were brought from the War Department to lie on the shelves of his law office until they were sent to me. He is leaving his part in the War to his record no less than must the millions under his authority whose records are now in the rows of steel files of the War Department's Historical Division. I have been given as free a hand with his material as he had when he looked up the record of officers to ascertain who was fittest for a certain task.

Mr. Baker's personal files of themselves were not sufficient for my purpose. A Cabinet Secretary, upon retiring from office, takes with him private letters and papers and copies of public documents which his own private secretary thinks he may want for reference. Often the personal files answered questions which the Government archives, to which I had such generous access, had propounded, or which have long been in the minds of all familiar with the War. Again the personal files were often clues to information in the archives. Much research was involved. Queries led from one source to another, and eventually to the information wanted or up a blind alley of indeterminate results.

TO depend upon the written records alone was to have only a skeleton in which some bones remain and to which the flesh was attached only in parts. The life-blood of history is what passes in the councils of leaders. Their discussions are often unreported. Not only the plans and policies which are the compromise of differing views and opinions, but the attitude of mind of the leaders must be safeguarded from the enemy's knowledge. When the ban of secrecy is lifted from both the documents and the councils we should have the body of truth. I relieved Mr. Baker from giving me a list of men to whose memories, as well as his own, I might refer, thus avoiding any suspicion that this is a made-up history. A start on a list of my own was easy. It included many men famous in War days and some who have become famous since.

"But you must see So-and-so about that!" carried me on in an endless chain of refer- (Continued on page 36)



# KEEPING STEP

**A** GOLF player gives a flick to his wrist as he sends his ball from the tee, and adds an extra fifty yards to his drive. A baseball player learns to co-ordinate the muscles of back and shoulder to get extra driving power behind his bat, and puts the ball over the fence for a homerun. There are special bits of knowledge in all human activities which mean the difference between ordinary results and extraordinary results. It's the same way in rearing babies.

In Ashland, Wisconsin, a lot of prize babies are growing up. They are the babies who have been taken regularly by their parents to the child clinics conducted by physicians and nurses under the auspices of the Auxiliary unit of Roy W. Kelly Post of The American Legion. Cod liver oil, sun baths, correct diet, sleeping with open windows, wearing proper shoes, attention to teeth and tonsils—it is knowledge of these things that Ashland's Auxiliary unit gives to mothers, who otherwise might not know about them. Nominal charges are made for the service, according to Mrs. Percy G. Sollie.

California sunshine is fine for babies, but mothers in Santa Barbara, California, no longer believe that nature unassisted will do everything possible to make little boys and girls strong and healthy. More than fifty babies are examined whenever Santa Barbara's unit of the American Legion Auxiliary holds its annual baby show for children up to five years of age. A baby specialist makes the examinations at the clinic. Many prizes are given babies with the best grades, writes Mrs. Marion R. Hendry, Past President of the unit.

## *The Legion and the Schools*

**E**ACH generation of Americans hands down to the generation that follows it a heritage that has been built up in 150 years of the nation's history. That heritage passes from generation to generation in the schools of the United States. One week each year The American Legion devotes to efforts to help the schools of the nation meet their traditional obligations. This year ten thousand Legion posts will observe November 10th to 16th as American Education Week. The observance is sponsored jointly by the National Education Association, the United States Office of Education and the Legion. Prominent Americans will broadcast radio addresses during the week, and each day will be devoted to programs in the schools on an assigned subject. The subjects are: Monday, "The Schools and the Enrichment of Human Life"; Tuesday, "The Schools and World Understanding"; Wednesday, "The Schools of Yesterday"; Thursday, "The Schools of Today"; Friday, "What the Schools Have Helped the Individual to Achieve"; Saturday, "What the

Schools Have Helped America to Achieve," and Sunday, "The Schools of Tomorrow and the Future of America." The Legion's National Americanism Commission will supply material to posts.

## *Page Daniel Boone!*

**P**ARK Post of Livingston, Montana, believes it is the only post which has found the secret of turning rabbit skins into frogskins. Last year the post put more than \$100 into its welfare fund by selling the skins of jackrabbits which had been shot by members taking part in a war against the rabbits. Expert marksmen weren't popular with post officials who counted the skins and reckoned the profits. The bull's-eye boys had fallen into the habit of shooting the jackrabbits with high-powered rifles, damaging the skins so much they couldn't be sold.

## *Biggest Bonfire*

**T**HINGS just can't help being big in Chicago, it seems. When Glen Ellyn Post of The American Legion wanted to do something to attract the attention of everybody to its suburb's observance of last Washington's Birthday as Navy Day, it lit what was declared to be the biggest bonfire ever seen in or about Chicago. The bonfire was four stories high, post commentators report. It stood in the baseball park, with the Glen Ellyn fire department on the job to see that it didn't spread to the rest of the town. Park officials donated an old two-story building as kindling for the bonfire and additional fuel included some carloads of crates and boxes given by merchants and lots of discarded Christmas trees.

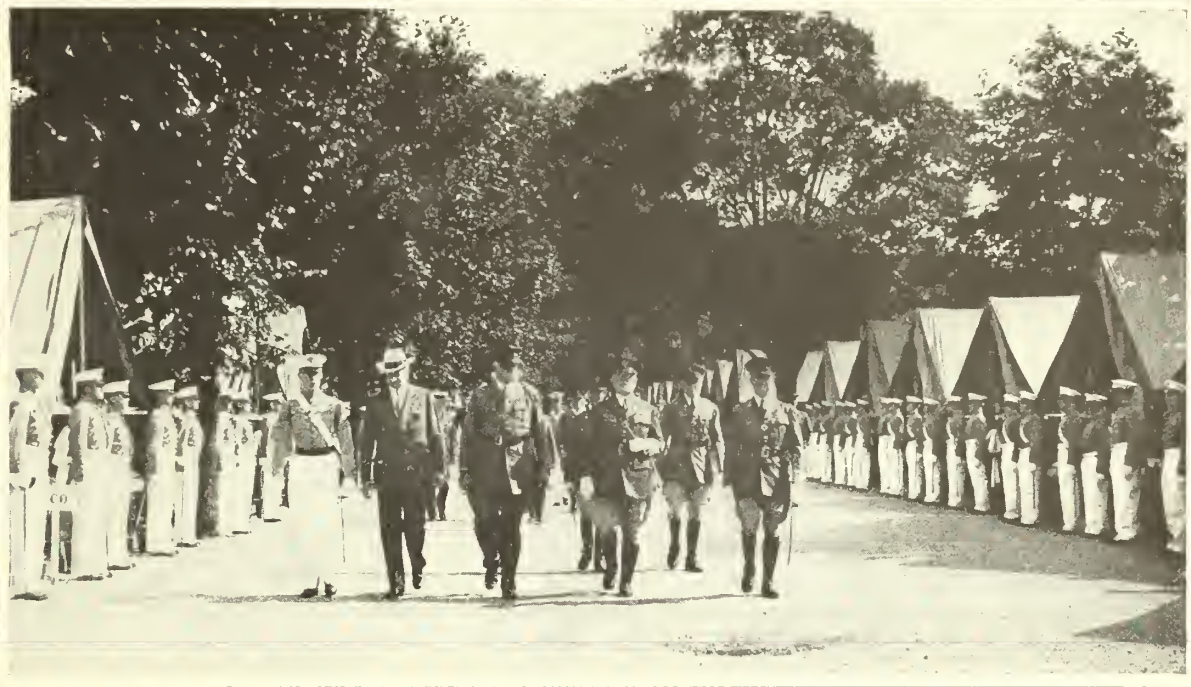
## *Harnessing Hallowe'en*

**T**HERE was a day when Hallowe'en in Coos Bay, Oregon, was a night citizens dreaded—a night when windows were broken, porch furniture was lifted into trees and things generally were turned topsy turvy. Hallowe'en used to be the same sort of a night in Logansport, Indiana, and Hiawatha, Kansas. Now, however, citizens in Coos Bay and Logansport and Hiawatha have no apprehensions about the carnival night that comes at the end of October. The American Legion posts of the three cities have taught Hallowe'en to do squads east and squads right about. They have changed the holiday from an orgy for juvenile anarchists to a civic pageant in which grown-ups and children alike have a lot of fun without smashing up the scenery. Coos Bay Post makes elaborate plans for its Neewollah celebration. Spell that word backward and you'll get it. Merchants offer fifty prizes for best costumes and best exhibits in the



*Augustus P. Gardner Post of Hamilton, Massachusetts, has celebrated Fourth of July for six years by giving a horse show for its community. Here is Legionnaire Gordon C. Prince, chairman of the races committee, in the show ring at the 1930 meeting*





*National Commander O. L. Bodenhamer reviews the corps of cadets on American Legion Day at the United States Military Academy at West Point. Legion post delegations visited the academy upon invitation of Major General William R. Smith, superintendent, shown in front with Major General Hanson E. Ely*

parade and other entertainment features. Everybody comes out to march or see and hear what's going on.

Logansport puts on much the same sort of celebration, with a parade, prizes for costumes, a street dance and other features. Then, as the wind-up, the post's former mess sergeants set up an army field kitchen and hand out steaming and juicy hot dogs to all the boys and girls—and there are seconds and thirds for everybody. Doughnuts for all, too.

"Our Hallowe'en parade was marvelous."

reports Reverend Roy W. Merrifield of Hiawatha. "Individuals costumed, prize dogs, ponies, boys with airplanes, floats of merchants, floats representing neighboring towns—a spectacle everybody very much enjoyed."

### *World Veterans*

**M**ORE than ever before members of The American Legion are interesting themselves in the activities of Fidac, the international veterans' federation in which the Legion is the partner of the leading service men's societies of all the allied countries, according to S. P. Bailey of Paris, chairman of the Legion delegation to Fidac's executive committee. In a letter to Julius I. Peyser of Washington, D. C., American vice-president of Fidac, Mr. Bailey recalls that one-fourth of the subscribers of *Fidac Review*, the federation's monthly publication, are Americans and they voluntarily remitted the subscription price. The *Review* is printed in both English and French, all articles appearing in the two languages in parallel columns. It is published at 15 rue de Presles, Paris, and the subscription price is \$2.20 a year. Mr. Bailey also called attention to the fact that the Fidac Press Bureau distributes material on The American Legion to one thousand newspapers and other publications in Europe.

Illustrating the wide range of Fidac's activities and the char-

acter of the problems expected to be discussed at Fidac's annual congress in Washington late in September, Mr. Bailey listed many accomplishments not known to most Legionnaires.

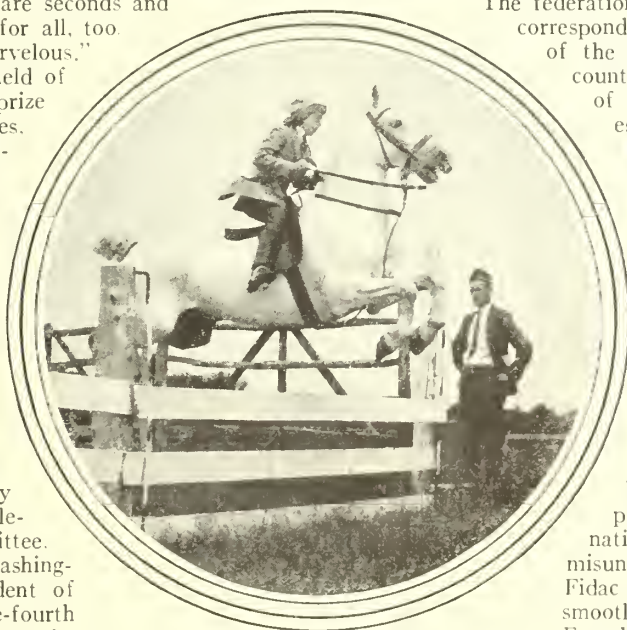
"Fidac is distributing each year a medal to the college or university in each member-country which conducts the course best designed to further international relations," Mr. Bailey wrote.

"The federation has also encouraged exchange of correspondence between individual members of the veterans' societies of the various countries. The *Review* has offered a prize of five thousand francs for the best essay on 'How Peace Can Best Be Assured'."

"Each year Fidac organizes in Paris many inter-allied ceremonies. Everyone knows how the Federation helped make successful the Legion's pilgrimage to France in 1927. Similar visits by the British Legion and societies from other countries have been promoted. Recently, Fidac organized a travel bureau to facilitate foreign visits by groups or individuals. The president of Fidac visits each year most of the member countries. All these visits tend to preserve harmonious relations among nations and help clear up international misunderstandings when they do arise. Fidac has been especially helpful in smoothing out differences between the French and Italians and the Italians and Jugoslavs, when relations were strained."

### *Peoria Leads the Way*

**P**EORIA (Illinois) Post has led the Department of Illinois in membership for the past five years and it has assembled many times to honor distinguished guests. Several months ago, however, the post found more satisfaction in a banquet than it had found in any other official event of its history. It was host to the Gold Star Mothers of Peoria, thirty of them. Edward A. Hayes, Com-



*Miss Phyllis Tuckerman, one of the many daughters of Legionnaires who helped make the Legion horse show at Hamilton, Massachusetts, a most notable social event*





*Legionnaire Rudy Vallee, generalissimo of American entertainers, comes back to Westbrook, Maine, his home town, to say hello to everybody at a reception and banquet tendered him by Stephen W. Manchester Post. Here he is, shaking hands with Post Commander Winfield R. Fernald*

mander of the Department of Illinois, was the principal speaker, and among the several hundred guests were representatives of all civic organizations of Peoria.

"We believe Peoria Post was the first Legion post to exceed 1,000 members for 1930," writes Department Commander Hayes. "To help the department attain its 1930 membership objective, Peoria made a fresh start in August and in the middle of that month Post Commander Loveridge brought to department headquarters 140 new cards."

### *Last Man*

THE famous Last Man's Club of Stillwater, Minnesota, has held its last meeting. In July, in the presence of members of Stillwater Post of The American Legion, Charles Lockwood, the last man of the Last Man's Club, read a memorial poem and drank a toast in clear water to the empty chairs of thirty-three other members of Company C of the First Minnesota Infantry who were called by death since the club was formed in 1885. The bottle of Burgundy which was dedicated to the final survivor at the 1885 reunion stood on the table at Mr. Lockwood's elbow as he drank his toast in water. The Burgundy had turned to vinegar. Mr. Lockwood presented it to the Stillwater public library. Mr. Lockwood is 87 and is in very good health. He has been the guest of Legion posts on many occasions.

### *The G. A. R.'s Big Year*

THE year 1944 would be the year of largest membership for The American Legion if the Legion's life cycle corresponds to that of the G. A. R. Frank E. Samuel, Assistant National Adjutant in charge of membership, whose article on membership appears in this issue, has been informed by National Headquarters of the G. A. R. that that organization's peak membership was 440,617, in 1891, twenty-six years after the Civil War. In immediately preceding years figures were: 1890, 427,981; 1889, 382,508; 1888, 372,960, and 1887, 320,046. Membership grew slowly just after the war.

Membership of The American Legion in mid-August had risen to more than 864,000, a figure almost double the peak membership of the G. A. R. Observers agree that the Legion will acquire its own peak membership much earlier than the G. A. R., probably in the decade between 1930 and 1940. This year most departments attained the largest enrollments of their history. On August 20th, New York and Illinois were almost tied, the former with 76,169 members, the latter with an even 76,000. On the same day, Pennsylvania had an enrollment of 58,967. California, with 117 percent of its 1930 quota, had 54,315 members, while Massachusetts, getting ready for the national convention in Boston, had signed up 41,595 members.



*An echo of the Second A. E. F. Major Judkins and Frank Dannahy of Kane Post, Dorchester, Massachusetts, feed the doves in front of St. Mark's in Venice*

### *Pioneers of 1930*

THE end of the Civil War marked the beginning of a new West, as soldiers in their old blue uniforms followed the overland trails and the new railroads and built for themselves homes in States which were mostly wilderness. The Civil War veterans and the generations which followed these blue and gray coated pioneers took possession of almost all the Government lands suitable for settlement, so that when the World War ended there were very few tracts of Government land of any worth available for the veterans of 1917 and '18. True, here and there the Government built a huge dam and turned water into the wilderness to make it bloom, but the new land thus opened was of insignificant acreage when one considered how many land-hungry World War veterans were marking time and forlornly hoping Uncle Sam would find for them free tracts upon which they could attain independence.

One hears with surprise now, twelve years after the World War, that a band of service men of that war is pioneering in Northern California in the same manner as their grandfathers pioneered farther east. In the Tule Lake section at the northern tip of California, a section rich with the romance of the Modoc Indian War of more than a half century ago, Tule Lake Post of The American Legion is trium-





*These daughters of Legionnaires in Gainesville, Georgia, are testing the speed and stamina of ten of the five hundred terrapins which raced in the terrapin derby held during the Georgia Department's convention. The speediest hard-shell racer in a thirty-yard dash won a prize of \$150, and second and third places brought \$90 and \$60*

phantly building a highly-developed community on land that just a few years ago belonged to the desert. They are homesteaders on Tule Lake project of the United States Reclamation Service. Until the last year, the post members were carrying on thirty miles from a railroad and forty miles from the nearest postoffice in California. Legionnaire F. M. Trout tells how the outfit is getting along.

"Our greatest activity has been for public schools," Mr. Trout writes. "Because our land was Government land and because of defects in California law no funds were available for building or furnishing schoolhouses. Through efforts of members of this post there are now three good schoolhouses and accommodations for all pupils of the community. This, too, with no outside assistance.

"The post is now working on the problem of road improvement. We shall be as successful as we were in getting schools. The post obtained rural mail delivery for the greater portion of the project. It brought power lines to the project and practically every ranch now has electricity. We are now working for telephones.

"Uniting with others, the post helped bring a trunk line railroad across the project, and another trunk line railroad is under construction. A townsite has been plotted on the railroad which is operating. One of the first buildings will be the post's clubhouse."

### *Famous Spear*

WHEN William D. Welsh of Port Angeles, Washington, was elected Commander of the Washington Department a year ago, he let his buddies in on a secret. He told them he had enlisted in the Navy on the day war was declared because an aide to Admiral Koontz wanted a yeoman. "I thought a yeoman



*Madame Schumann-Heink visits Stevens Point, Wisconsin, to give a great-grandmother's blessing to little Ferdinand Hirzy, son of Captain and Mrs. Ferdinand A. Hirzy*

fought with a spear, so I took the job," Welsh told the department convention. Welsh's spear story won for him the title of Barnacle Bill, the Sailor. Welsh is the publisher of a daily newspaper. To insure proper distribution of battle orders for his department's membership drive, he got out at his own expense a special paper which he called *The Commander's Spear*, printing more than 16,000 copies of each issue and sending them to all posts. He had the satisfaction of seeing his department roll up a membership of more than 16,000, which is in excess of 111 percent of the department's quota designated by National Headquarters.

### *Never a Stranger*

IF A Legionnaire finds himself a stranger in Los Angeles, it's his own fault. Tom H. Allen bulletins

that The American Legion Luncheon Club of Los Angeles meets every Tuesday noon at the Hotel Hayward and welcomes visitors. Add Los Angeles to New York City, Peoria, Chicago, Philadelphia and the growing list of other cities where Legionnaires now get together every week around luncheon tables. Let's hear about time and place of Legion luncheons in other cities which haven't been mentioned.

### *Telling the World*

IN A Vermont valley that parallels the peaks of the Green Mountains are 150 quarries which provide much of the slate used by the rest of the country, and midway in this valley is the town of Fair Haven where Fair Haven Post is proud of its offshoot, the pioneer Legion drum and bugle corps of Vermont. Recently, the beating of Fair Haven (Continued on page 54)



# THEN *and* NOW



*Living the life of Riley in the Y hut—if a casino can be called a "hut"—at Mont Dore in the Auvergne Leave Area. Below, winter sports in the same vacation center of the A. E. F.*

**H**OLD everything! A last minute telegram has been received from the Legion 1930 National Convention Committee in Boston, which will interest outfits scheduled to hold reunions during the convention, October sixth to ninth, and which might induce other outfits to plan meetings during that period. Here is the message:

"Reunion Committee, 1930 National Convention Committee for the convention in Boston, extends to all units planning reunions at Boston convention its co-operation in assisting in arranging for plans of meetings, banquets and all other activities to insure successful reunions. Committees in charge of this activity are planning reunions at the convention. Those desirous of promoting reunions get in touch with William J. Blake, 600 Washington Street, Boston, Massachusetts. Every branch of the service and almost every outfit is represented on the Reunion Committee to insure results."

Announcements of various reunions at Boston and elsewhere appear in the Outfit Notices column at the end of this department.

**A**FTER totaling the expenses of our most modest vacation which has just ended, we still look back with envy on the men of the A. E. F. who were fortunate enough to get one or two weeks' leaves without cost in any one of the splendid leave areas provided by the Y. M. C. A. in France. Somehow or other, our prospective leaves went haywire at the last moment and all we drew was a four-day pass to Coblenz—which, as things stood, wasn't so bad at that.

The pictures which we show of the Y building at Mont Dore in the Auvergne Leave Area and of winter sports for doughboys in the same area were sent to us by Dr. H. B. Hinman of Ever-



ett, Washington, who served in several of the recreation centers conducted by the Y. M. C. A. We wish we could let you read all of the interesting accounts of experiences the doctor sent us, but space permits only an extract from one of them concerning the Auvergne area:

"When the Armistice was signed I was working with the colored troops of the 92d Division at Mont Dore. My friend, Bert Mann of Rochester, New York, and I were engaged in taking parties of men out on hikes and mountain climbs.

"The day the Armistice was signed, Bert had a party on top of the Chateau Murois, eight miles across the mountains. When bells commenced to ring in the town below, he knew what had happened.

He formed his party up in a squad column and marched them through the village, singing the Marseillaise. The populace went wild and one old woman came out with a bottle of rum, glasses, and gave each man a shot. That was fine, so they tried it in the next town and got the same treatment. Luckily there were only the two towns on the route or I suppose he never would have got them back.

"One day I had a good-sized party of the 92d to take up Pic d'Sancy, about 6,250 feet high, the highest in the Auvergne Range. We went up an easy grade, but I brought them down a sharp knife-edge ridge, with a big drop off each side and about six inches of fresh snow on it. They were all about scared to death and the last two, at the middle of a fifty-degree slope, were so scared they couldn't advance or go back. Until we relieved them, I never had heard so many funny things said as the other men called to them.

"Incidentally I might say for those colored boys that they were the most interested and appreciative lot of men I ever





took out and I thoroughly enjoyed the ten days we had them in our area. Later I saw service in Coblenz, conducting parties up the Rhine and to the Kaiser's former castle, Stolzenfels."

**S**TRANGE to state, one of the branches of service in which all men in service as well as the folks at home were as vitally interested as any, has received but little recognition. We refer to the postal service of the A. E. F.—officially known as the Postal Express Service, which after its organization in July, 1918, handled the millions of pieces of mail sent from home to the two million men in the A. E. F. and from the soldiers in France to their home folks.

The P. E. S. and A. P. O.'s have been mentioned briefly in this department several times, but we didn't appreciate the interest in them until several letters came to us from readers, and the picture of A. P. O. 717 at Tours, France, shown on this page, was sent to us. That picture, by the way, came anonymously and it would be interesting to learn who sent it, and to hear from the men in the group.

Some months ago we published the request of Dr. H. A. Coleman, Legionnaire of New Philadelphia, Ohio, that he be furnished with information regarding the postal service in the A. E. F. and as a result we now have had presented to us a philatelic brochure, prepared by the doctor, entitled "U. S. Army Postoffices Overseas," from which we lifted a few samples of the censorship and cancellation stamps which he collected and reproduced in his booklet.

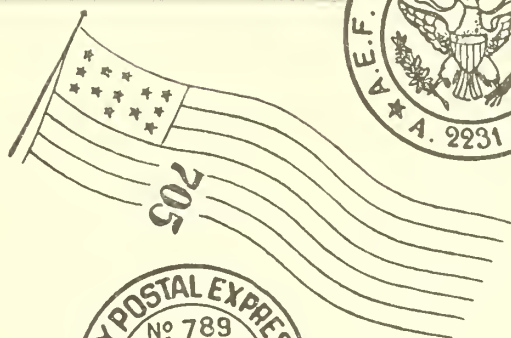
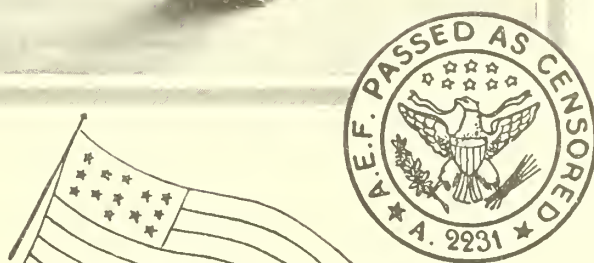
In May, 1919, the Inspection Division of the Postal Express Service prepared and distributed in France a booklet titled, "The Biggest Undertaking in the History of Letter Writing," and from it we glean the following brief facts:

When America decided to take a hand in the war and send troops to France, one of the things that was overlooked in the rush was the establishment of an adequate military postal system. It didn't seem to occur to anybody that the Yank would ever find time to lay aside his gun and take up his pen. He soon showed that he could write as well as he could fight and do both at the same time. The American soldier is undoubtedly the world's champion letter writer. . . .

Until July 1, 1918, all A. E. F. mail was handled by civilian agents of the U. S. Post Office Department. They did their work well, but soon it was apparent that the postal organization should be an integral part of the Army.

The Postal Express Service was therefore established and took over the work in July, 1918. Its officers and personnel were with rare exceptions unfamiliar with the highly specialized business of handling mail. Furthermore, the A. E. F. became its own postmaster at just that period when the Army grew from one million men to two million men almost overnight.

There we have the beginning of what, under the circumstances, developed into a mighty efficient system. The account goes on to



*Above we see the staff of A. P. O. 717, in its first-class office (as compared to some other A. E. F. postoffices) in Tours, France. We would like to know who these men are. Exhibit B, samples of censorship and cancellation stamps with which the home folks became acquainted in 1917, '18 and '19*

show the difficulties of the A. E. F. service—the fact that mail from America had to be sorted and shipped a great distance, the lack of shipping space, the delays due to the submarine menace, the inadequate

French railway service, the improper addressing of letters and a dozen and one other handicaps.

With all those difficulties, it is recorded that the P. E. S. received an average of only one complaint for every half-million letters handled—which speaks well for it. In July, 1918, the P. E. S. handled 29,000 sacks of mail; in December the amount increased to 132,000 sacks and in January, 1919, twenty-eight million letters were dispatched to America and over fifty million received from the States. Incidentally, the troops sent home 15,000 mail bags full of German helmets and souvenirs during January, 1919. That, briefly, is an idea of what the A. E. F. postal employees had to contend with.

**P**ROBABLY one of the best remembered slogans which evolved from American participation in the World War is "Heaven, Hell or Hoboken by Christmas." It was heard on every hand in the A. E. F. But has anyone stopped to question who originated the phrase? No one, to our (Continued on page 59)



# Bursts and Duds

Conducted by Tip Bliss



A guide was escorting a party of tourists over Nature's Wonderland. Great crags lifted their jagged pinnacles to the heavens, the setting sun bathed the world in a golden glow—well, in short, it was pretty snappy scenery. All the sight-seers were very properly impressed, especially one young lady.

"My!" she gushed. "Did you ever see so many rocks? How did they get here?"

"Miss," said the guide majestically, "they were brought here thousands and thousands of years ago by the glaciers."

"Ooooo! And where are the glaciers now?"

"Well, Miss," replied the guide as he prepared to leap over the brink, "you see all those holes that are left yet? The glaciers have gone back after more rocks."

This is an old one and probably a lie, but it still has its points. A wooden-legged gentleman was sitting in a street car beside one of those pests who are always curious about others' affairs and who, after striking up a casual conversation, was desperately trying to bring the subject around to the missing member. At last, failing in this, he came to it point blank.

"How did you come to lose your leg?" he demanded.

"Listen," said the other, "if I tell you, will you promise not to ask me any more questions?"

"Yes, yes—I promise. Now tell me how you lost it."

"Well, it was this way. It was chewed off."



Watkins was an honest and trustworthy man, but when it came to setting the world on fire he couldn't have struck a spark with a couple of dry sticks. For some reason, however, he wooed and succeeded in winning an authoress of considerable reputation. One day a woman friend of his wife's came to call and Watkins met her at the door.

"Sh-h-h!" he cautioned, placing a finger to his lips. "You won't be able to see her for a little while. She's upstairs having"—he glowed with pride—"having a novel."

Two well known writers, whom we will call Smith and Brown, since this yarn may be fictitious and therefore libelous, have a reputation for eccentricity of dress and for practical joking. One day, according to the legend, Smith happened to register in an out of town hotel and saw Brown's name ahead of his on the ledger. He asked for the next room and secured it. Enconced there, he called up Brown on

the house telephone, told him he had heard he was stopping there, and could he come to see him.

"Delighted," said Brown. "Come along."

Smith took a shower, arrayed himself in a pair of the briefest shorts and nothing else, opened his room door, looked up and down the hall to see that the coast was clear, and knocked on Brown's door. Brown himself opened it.

"Hello, Joe," he said, not showing by the flicker of an eyelash his surprise at his friend's unconventional attire. "Haven't heard from you for a long time." He indicated a lady. "I got married a couple of months ago—Mr. Smith, meet the wife."

One of our nobly experimenting state legislatures in 1917 enacted a law, whereby it became necessary for every restaurant to serve a fresh napkin to each guest who entered. Sanitation and all that.

One patron, seeing unmistakable signs that his serviette had seen previous usage, objected strenuously.

"Don't you know," he roared, "that this is against the law?"

"Ah, yes, sir," the waiter replied. "But this one was on the table before the law was passed."



An ancient mariner, now marooned in a small New England town which was becoming something of a summer resort, had evolved a narrative of his various adventures which made Baron Munchausen look like a stay-at-home. One of his most enthusiastic auditors was a small girl who could never hear enough of the story.

On returning to the shore after a winter in the city, the first person she sought out was the old sailor and the first thing she demanded was his story. She received it.

"But," she demurred, "last year you said you only killed four cannibals on the desert island—this year you say forty."

"Ah, young woman," the whiskered tar returned. "Last year you was only five years old. You was much too young then to know all the horrible details."

It was in a country railroad station, and for an hour an impatient would-be traveler had been pacing up and down, giving irate glances at his watch. At last, in desperation, he approached the bearded station agent.

"Listen," he snorted, "doesn't this train ever come in on time?"

The official nonchalantly let fly a stream of tobacco juice.

"Ain't never noticed," he replied. "We don't pay no 'tention to that. Satisfies us if it comes in on the track."



An ex-soldier, with a better knowledge of life military than life marital, eventually married, only to discover that peace times don't al-

ways mean peaceful times and that duration is an elastic word. When the course of true love began running as smoothly as a West Indian hurricane, he decamped, only to be caught and brought before the court on a charge of wife desertion. The former soldier couldn't understand it at all.

"But, Your Honor," he remonstrated. "I'm no deserter—I'm a refugee!"

A tiny infant had endured a christening with remarkable fortitude, and the minister, whose recent life had just been one howling baby after another, turned to congratulate the parents.

"A fine child you have there," he remarked. "He never even whimpered."

"He'd have caught it if he had," the father replied. "We've been practising on him for two weeks chucking him in the river every morning."



When the recent wave of willhaysian reform passed over the moving picture world, leaving havoc and terror in its wake, a certain alleged star, better known for her ability to get into trouble than into electric lights, was summoned into the presence of her manager.

"Now, look here, young lady," he said sternly. "The public isn't going to stand these goings-on any more. From now on, you've got to follow the straight and narrow. You've got to cut out drinking and you've got to cut out smoking and you've got to cut out your general helling around. Do you think you can do it?"

The actress drew herself up dramatically.

"Sir," she cried, "I'd have you know that I employ an understudy for my dirty work."

An applicant for a job as office boy was modestly setting forth his qualifications.

"I'm not exactly stupid," he stated. "In fact, I'm pretty bright. I won two prizes for the last lines for limericks, and I guessed the faces of ninety per cent. of the movie stars in a competition, and I made up Cute Sayings of Tiny Tots and besides that—"

"That's fine," his prospective employer interrupted somewhat sarcastically, "but we want some one who can be bright during business hours."

The youth was aggrieved. "Why, heck!" he said. "This was all during business hours."



THE ONLY COMMAND HE REMEMBERS IS "REST"

# ...Yet he has "ATHLETE'S FOOT"

HE hasn't done squads right for a dozen years, and he hasn't moved at a double quick since he sewed on his discharge chevron. His favorite command was always "Rest!", and ever since he put on civies he's done his level best to get caught up.

But rest isn't the only thing he's caught. Although he doesn't know exactly what it is, he has contracted a very active case of "Athlete's Foot."

He's aware, of course, of a constantly present and unnatural moisture between his little toes—unpleasantly and *uneasily* aware of it . . . *increasingly* so, as the days go by—

Yet he's as ignorant of its cause as are the millions of other Americans who suffer from the "Athlete's Foot" infection.

## \* Many Symptoms for the Same Disease— So Easily Tracked into the Home

"Athlete's Foot" may start in a number of different ways,\* but it is now generally agreed that the germ, *tinea trichophyton*, is back of them all. It lurks where you would least expect it—in the very places where people go for health and recreation and cleanliness. In spite of modern sanitation, the germ abounds on locker- and dressing-room floors—on the edges of swimming pools and showers—in gymnasiums—around bathing beaches and bath-houses—even on hotel bath-mats.

And from all these places it has been tracked into countless homes until today this ringworm infection is simply *everywhere*. The United States Health Service finds "*It is probable that at least one-half of all adults suffer from it at some time.*" And authorities say that half the boys in high school are affected. There can be no doubt that the tiny germ, *tinea trichophyton*, has made itself a nuisance in America.

## \* WATCH FOR THESE DISTRESS SIGNALS THAT WARN OF "ATHLETE'S FOOT"

Though "Athlete's Foot" is caused by the germ—*tinea trichophyton*—its early stages manifest themselves in several different ways, usually between the toes—sometimes by redness, sometimes by skin-cracks, often by tiny itching blisters. The skin may turn white, thick and moist, or it may develop dryness with little scales. *Any one of these calls for immediate treatment!* If the case appears aggravated and does not readily yield to Absorbine Jr., consult your physician without delay.



Quick Relief, too, for  
CUTS, BURNS, BRUISES  
Kills germs, soothes the pain and  
promotes quick healing when  
youngsters are hurt

## It Has Been Found That Absorbine Jr. Kills This Ringworm Germ

Now, a series of exhaustive laboratory tests with the antiseptic Absorbine Jr. has proved that Absorbine Jr. penetrates deeply into flesh-like tissues, and that wherever it penetrates it *kills* the ringworm germ.

It might not be a bad idea to examine *your* feet tonight for distress signals\* that announce the beginning of "Athlete's Foot." *Don't be fooled by mild symptoms.* Don't let the disease become entrenched, for it is *persistent*.

Watch out for redness, particularly between the smaller toes, with itching—or a moist, thick skin condition—or, again, a dryness with scales.

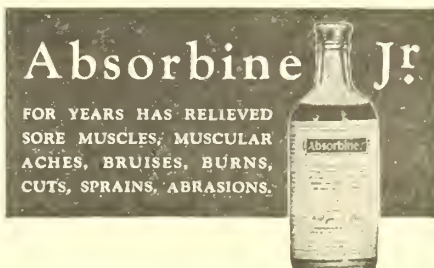
Read the symp-

toms printed at the left very carefully. At the very first sign of *any one* of these distress signals\* douse Absorbine Jr. on morning and night and after every exposure of *your* bare feet to damp or wet floors.

"Trench Foot" (not to be confused with "Athlete's Foot") may, however, lead to infection from the ringworm germ by weakening the resistance of the skin. It's a good idea to be sure of protection at all times by using Absorbine Jr. regularly as a preventive.

Absorbine Jr. is so widely known and used that you can get it at all drug stores. Price \$1.25. For free sample write \*

W. F. YOUNG, INC.  
401 Lyman Street  
Springfield, Mass.





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YOU, with your precision-built FOX STERLINGWORTH, Bud, with his Stevens 22—the gun to grow up with—tramping the fields... putting up the birds... potting at chucks and other vermin... Oh, man, this is the life!

Here's a double barrel shotgun to be proud of in the best company or competition... a gun that will give a grownup Bud the same close, even patterns years hence that it will give you now... a gun that will never shoot loose, with all the qualities that impelled Theodore Roosevelt to say of his FOX: "No finer gun was ever made."

And value! Legionnaire, if you know and love good guns get this: Fox has fewer working parts than any other make... meaning positive action and long life; three-piece lock (nothing stronger known); combined firing pin and hammer of nickel steel; rotary taper bolt, automatically compensating for wear (a Fox stays tight); coil springs throughout; stock and forearm of fine American Walnut, attractively checkered; line border engraving. And you have your choice of 12, 16 or 20 gauge; barrels 26, 28, 30 or 32 inches long, any boring you prefer.

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Your dealer will gladly show you the Sterlingworth, and other Fox Guns... or the famous Stevens and Savage Lines. Write us today for attractive literature describing these famous makes.

Fox  
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Address.....

City..... State.....

## A Personal View

(Continued from page 27)

ences until I had a mass of personal notes that bid fair to rival the bulk of Mr. Baker's files. Sometimes intrigues were bared from behind the mask of guilelessness; again transparent sincerity was revealed where intrigue was supposed to exist. But war lies and war liars must have their places when the fife and drum corps of modern propaganda calls for recruits of facile imaginations. Often memories differed as to details but happily, as a rule, they supported the main facts.

**L**EADERS who were intent on showing how underestimated were their personal parts in winning the War were frequently not so helpful as those who said, "That was as I saw it," or "I do not remember who suggested the idea; I think it was spontaneous," or, "Anyhow, it seemed the best plan, and we had to go ahead!" I am grateful for the use of many private diaries and records which have been voluntarily offered to me.

When men were looking back with a perspective of twelve years I found they were glad to talk about the War, although, immediately after it was over, they thought they would never want to mention it again or hear it mentioned again.

Certainly Mr. Baker's career from the time he entered the War Department until he left it is closed and as much history as it will be a hundred years hence. I have tried to avoid the commonest error of the historian. To him the records have revealed the future which was unrevealed to the war executive who had to make an immediate decision in the face of a confusion of advice and an absence of reliable information as he sank the plummet into the imponderables. So I try to carry the suspense of the fluctuations of war's changes and its reactions on public opinion from day to day as if the future had not been revealed to the writer himself.

## Down to the Sea in Yankee Ships

(Continued from page 15)

ultimately to the War of 1812. In spite of alleviations negotiated by John Jay in 1794, our plight became desperate. Our West Indies packets were swept from the seas, the crews flung ashore, the ships confiscated. As the Napoleonic wars developed, however, we got to be the only seafaring neutrals. Our bottoms represented the best opportunity of a shipper who wanted to send something some place and have it arrive.

Our increasing trade further infuriated the British. They searched and seized us almost beyond endurance. France retaliated against British oppression; France searched and seized us, too. We had a near-war with the French.

During those years of European unrest, our merchant shipping grew, but not in proportion to our population. The handicaps imposed by continental and English Navies were so great that by 1807 we could not carry away our surplus of production.

Our President, Thomas Jefferson, was decidedly a pacifist, but he decided that something ought to be done about all those outrages. He did something. He made Congress pass an embargo against our nautical adversaries. Consequently, in one year our seagoing commerce dropped from a value of \$108,000,000 to \$22,000,000. Our decline since the World War was not proportionately so great.

Never have Americans suffered harder times. After the lesson of the embargo act was learned, Jefferson reopened our ports, but had Congress pass a non-intercourse act forbidding trade with the British or French. But the British and French traded with us just the same, by the realistic device of seizing our ships and stealing their cargoes.

Napoleon stole 200 ships and many more cargoes. Twenty years later France paid us a five-million-dollar indemnity for this twenty-million-dollar robbery.

The British were not content with theft of ships and cargoes. They began to steal our sailors. Although we shanghaied our own to a large extent, the British suffered ever fewer recruiting inhibitions; they boarded our ships in mid-ocean, took off the best sailors and impressed them.

We thrived on adversity. In spite of blockade restrictions, impressment, search and seizure, we were carrying the world's cargoes because we had the best sailors on earth. We may have shanghaied a lot of them, but they were sailors.

British sailors as a rule were half-starved, unpaid, melancholy jailbirds—when they weren't half-starved, unpaid, melancholy Yankees. Our sailors made and took in sail more quickly than their competitors. Our masters were better navigators. The nautical traditions of our seaboard were such that Americans became good sailors almost overnight. Our merchant marine continued to grow.

Then we ran into the War of 1812.

Our Navy, never out-fought, was overwhelmed by numbers. After a few brilliant victories, it was virtually out of business, as completely blockaded as a navy ever has been blockaded.

Privateers were built. Old merchant ships were armed and commissioned as privateers. Swift Yankee cargo boats went to sea bristling with guns. Five hundred privateers flew our flag during that war. They captured 1,500 prizes—\$40,000,000 in ships and cargoes. Probably a third of our merchant service took to the lucrative trade of privateering.



Each privateer, on the average, captured three vessels as valuable as itself.

At that time, however, the tide of aquatic empire was moving South. Not Salem or Boston but Baltimore furnished the biggest fleet of privateers. It was partly due to the timidity of Salem during the war that the Massachusetts port lost its eminence in things marine. Owners were hesitant about the risky business which alone could solve the problem presented by idle ships. Baltimoreans were more enterprising.

There was no limit to the daring of their skippers. They walked their ships right past Dover and dragged unwilling Indiamen away from the mouth of the Thames. Paunchy country gentlemen began writing indignantly to the *Times*.

One Baltimorean deserves special notice. He wasn't a native of Baltimore; he was born in Ireland. Perhaps that accounts for him. His name was Thomas Bogle. As sovereign lord of a privateer, he pronounced a blockade against Perfidious Albion and he made it take. Within a year this dauntless Harp and his fellow-Yanks had run the price of a barrel of flour in London up to \$58. The British were not so unwilling as some modern historians would indicate when they came to sign the Treaty of Ghent.

That treaty opened the seas to our ships. Britishers never again impressed American sailors. An important feature of the treaty was the opening of all ports of both countries. Neither nation was to discriminate against the other by customs duties or tonnage fees. By 1828 discrimination of this kind was to disappear anyway, from all but Oriental ports.

During the heat of the War of 1812, however, our shipyards had gone idle. The close of the war found most of our ships obsolete or obsolescent. As a rule, they weren't fast enough to compete with the new vessels that Britain had been turning out.

Speed—one of the major problems of our present merchant service—was demanded. Owners and builders decided to meet the demand. Hundreds of new keels were laid. Ships were built with more eye to design than ever before.

During the progress of transition from sail to faster sail, however, Yankee skippers began to exercise a seamanship that was the wonder of the world. If their ships were fundamentally no faster than their competitors', they sailed them better. They cracked on more sail than anybody else dared to carry.

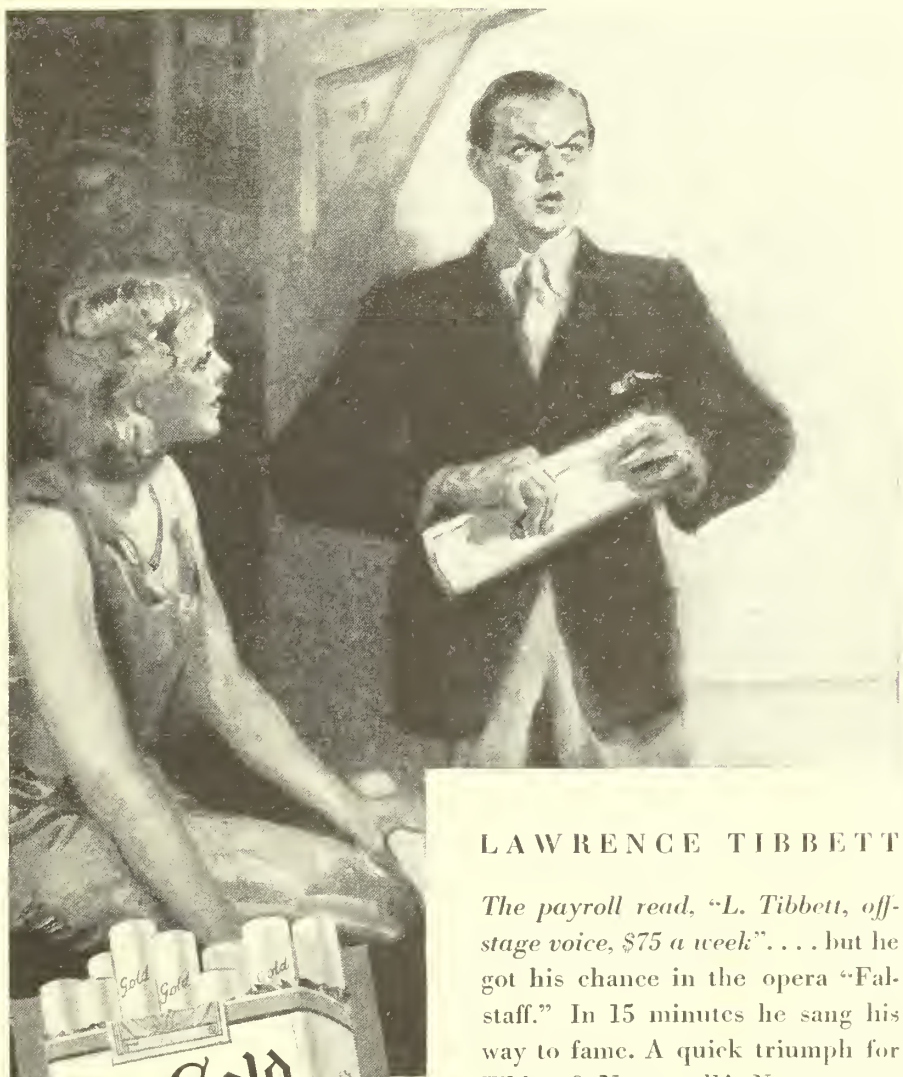
Shippers responded. The average American exporter cares nothing what flag his cargo sails under. The same is true of most foreign shippers. A hundred years ago, even British shippers were showing preference to American bottoms; the Yankee masters made better time from Liverpool to Sandy Hook than the Limejuicers.

Being Yankees, the Americans capitalized on their prestige; they began to charge higher rates, and to get them.

Higher rates, even a century ago, were necessary because American ships were more costly to operate than their European competi- (Continued on page 38)

# THEY GAVE A new Thrill

THAT'S WHY THEY GOT THERE...SO QUICKLY



LAWRENCE TIBBETT

*The payroll read, "L. Tibbett, off-stage voice, \$75 a week"... but he got his chance in the opera "Falstaff." In 15 minutes he sang his way to fame. A quick triumph for Tibbett? Not at all! Nature gave him that glorious voice.*

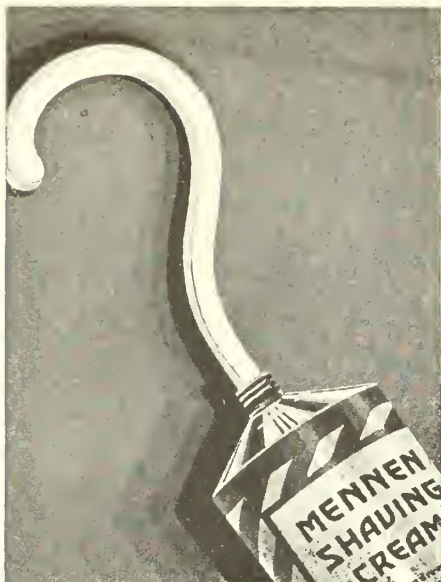
That's why OLD GOLD makes no claims... of factory skill... or secret processes. For *Nature* alone deserves the credit. The sun, the rain, the fertile soil simply produced *better* tobaccos. That's why O. G. thrills your taste... why it's America's fastest growing cigarette.



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BETTER TOBACCOS... "NOT A COUGH IN A CARLOAD"





These few words about my 2 MORE Shaves per Blade Guarantee are

## for Doubting Thomas only

IF YOU think the only difference in shaving creams is in the colors on the tube—you're the man to test my Mennen guarantee of two more good shaves per blade.

Of course, those 2 more shaves per blade aren't so important in themselves. But they are proof of Mennen superiority. Mennen lather soaks all the toughness out of whiskers, leaves less work for the razor. Result: no yanking, scraping, no irritation of facial nerves. Longer blade life. No wear and tear on the skin. *That's why I can make my money-back guarantee.*

Mennen lather relaxes taut skin, too... penetrates the pores, floats out oil and dirt, preventing embarrassing pimples, blackheads and muddy looking skin. Mennen lather is antiseptic. Leaves skin clean, healthy, good-to-look-at.

### 2 Kinds: Bigger Tubes

We make two kinds of Mennen Shaving Cream (1) Menthol-iced for skin that likes arctic coolness in shaving lather... (2) Mennen without Menthol, smooth, bland lather without the icy feature. Great shaves, both! Bigger tubes, too! Test my guarantee, now! Shoot in the coupon for a trial tube.

*Jim Henry*

Mennen Salesman

To complete the skin treatment, apply Mennen Skin Balm, after your shave. Protects against dirt, dust and weather. Non-greasy. Skin completely absorbs it. Styptic, healing and bracing as a cool sea breeze.

# MENNEN

## SHAVING CREAMS

Menthol-iced

Without Menthol

THE MENNEN CO., Dept. B-6, NEWARK, N. J.

Jim Henry: Show me, Jim. Send me a trial tube. I'll take a new blade and count the shaves

Name.....

Address..... City.....

Send me Mennen Menthol-iced ☐

Send me Mennen Without Menthol ☐

## Down to the Sea in Yankee Ships

(Continued from page 37)

tors; American standards and wages were higher. Forecastle pay was low, but not so low as foreign pay.

In spite of our ability to get high freight rates, it is possible that the increasing cost of living in America was largely responsible for the ultimate collapse of our mercantile marine. Owners, jealous of the low operating costs of Europeans, began to hire inferior crews. Our native forecastle hands began to retire to the land. We began to hire foreigners.

About the same time, Richard Henry Dana, Jr.'s, book, "Two Years Before the Mast," was popular. Mr. Dana, returning from a round-the-horn voyage, wrote a ghastly story of brutalities and hardships. Today his book appears almost fantastic. Boys regard it as an exaggerated romance.

But it was a true picture, and the result was increasing state and federal interference. Restrictions on owners were necessary, but they were not always well advised.

At the same time, inland sailing was becoming profitable because of the invention of the steamboat. The Erie Canal was opened, and with it the West was opened. Far ahead of Horace Greeley's day, the enterprising youth of America took his advice. They turned no longer to the sea for their future, but inland, to the lush plains of the Middle West.

To offset diminishing home interest in the profession of the sea, owners urged masters on to still more speed. In 1816 the famous Black Ball line was started, in anticipation of the great marine development which has all but driven tramp ships from the seas. Running on regular schedules, ships of the Black Ball fleet earned larger cargoes than ever had been known before.

At its inception, the Black Ball line was almost wildcat. Like most ventures of its kind in that day, it operated on money derived largely from the sale of stock. The stock was rather frankly speculative, too. But control rested with an efficient partnership. Perhaps the financial methods used would savor of blue sky manipulation today, but they were honest enough for then, and they built ships and sailed them successfully.

Full-bodied and sturdy, the Black Ball vessels ran from New York across the Atlantic. Their success stirred up competition. Some of the competitors, like the Red Star line, were financed as close corporations; others developed on much the same lines as those which drill hundreds of dry holes in the soil of Oklahoma. American capital was daring.

Also, it was successful. By 1837 Great Britain had surrendered most of the Atlantic packet trade to Uncle Sam. Our gross tonnage for all oceans almost equaled Britain's; Parliament decided that "something ought to be done about it."

A commission investigated, and among other things it reported that:

The American ships frequenting the ports of England are stated by several witnesses to be superior to those of a similar class among the ships of Great Britain, the commanders and officers being generally considered to be more competent seamen and navigators and more uniformly persons of education than the commanders and officers of British ships of similar size and class.

Since that report was made, the British have been dinnin into the heads of their young aristocrats and their upper middle class that navigation is a gentleman's occupation. In this country, the lesson had not been needed—originally.

Clean-cut superiority got us the trade in those days. Our ships were superior in every way. Our crews, bad as they were getting to be, were also superior. Owners were awake to all problems. They strove for faster and faster ships.

Finally Baltimore produced another innovation—the clipper ship.

The clipper ship was not exactly an invention. It long had been known that greater speed could only be attained at a sacrifice of cargo space. The Baltimoreans made the initial sacrifice. It paid because it brought higher freights and enabled a ship to accomplish from ten to twenty percent more in a day's run. Soon all American builders were turning out clippers. From Maine to the Carolinas, busy ways were covered with new-laid keels. The packet lines recognized the virtues of the new ships and put them on regular schedules in place of their older, bulkier boats.

Of course the British responded by building clippers of their own. When British clippers appeared, however, American daring kept us our supremacy; we still made better time because we carried more sail in difficult weather.

Donald McKay, our foremost marine architect, built the *James Baines* which carried 2,515 tons of cargo from Boston to Liverpool in less than thirteen days—as rapidly as the average freighter could make the trip today. McKay sold the *Baines* to the British. Then he built the *Lightning* which justified her name by making a run of 436 knots in a day—better than 20 land miles an hour for 24 hours. The new German ship, *Bremen*, only makes a little more than 600 knots on her best days. But even with such superb hulls, handling was the secret of success. Speed depended on personnel. British and American masters vied to see who could get the most work out of their crews. The forecastles of both nations were filled with the rirrafi of a thousand ports. An era of brutality settled down on the North Atlantic.

Our officers drove ignorant crews of "foreigners" to the limits of human endurance. Ralph Paine wrote of this era, "The discipline of the American clippers was both famously efficient and notoriously cruel." The British were equally cruel, but perhaps less efficient.

Records prove our superiority. To the



California gold rush in 1849, our ships sailed around the horn with royals flying. Limejuicers furlled most of their sails for the perennial bad weather off the tip of the hemisphere. Our insurance rates were higher, but cargo rates were higher, too.

But we had invented a Frankenstein.

Although the late nineteenth century decadence of our mercantile marine may be blamed largely on the Civil War, a good share of the blame also should fall on the proud head of Robert Fulton. Not for any fault of Fulton's, only that Americans were slower than the British in realizing the value of steam. We filled our lakes and rivers with steamboats, but we neglected the oceans.

We still had initiative, but we lacked perseverance. As early as 1819 the steamer *Savannah* went from her name port to Liverpool in twenty-two days, but we didn't appreciate the advantages she offered. We invented, the British applied. A Nova Scotian, Samuel Cunard, made the best application for the British. In 1840, he secured a parliamentary subsidy of £100,000 a year for a steam packet line.

It took ten years and manifest British ascendancy to convince Congress that American ships could not compete with a subsidized British marine. Then Congress appropriated \$385,000 as annual compensation to the Collins line. Four big Collins liners were built; two of them were lost at sea within a year. Congress withdrew its subsidy in 1855. The Collins line went out of business, just as its prospects looked brightest.

After all, the belated subsidy appeared to most Americans as an attempt to lock the stable after the horse had been stolen.

Once it was withdrawn, our trans-Atlantic service—the base for most modern mercantile service at sea—dwindled rapidly. We built steamships, but not so rapidly as the British.

And then came the Civil War. Its effects on our merchant service were similar to the effects of the World War on the German service. Except that after the Civil War we did not come back so far, perhaps because we had gone back so much farther.

During our war, Confederate raiders played havoc. The famous *Alabama* alone took a tremendous toll. Until the second year of the war, our merchant marine was almost as large as England's. Then several raiders went to sea—many from British ports.

When the Civil War ended we were virtually without a merchant marine. From a country which had been carrying two-thirds of its own freight, we became a country which carried about ten percent of its own freight. Our shipbuilding plants had gone idle. Except for the construction of warships, our methods had become obsolete.

The history of our merchant service for the next fifty years could be written in a sentence: We had no merchant marine history.

During the immediate post-bellum days, our returning soldiery behaved much as the returning soldiery of the World War be- (Continued on page 40)

This Seal  
marks each



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*For gentlemen who demand  
ultra smartness in footwear . . . .*

## Bostonians Seven Selected Styles

Seven exceptional designs chosen for their excellent taste—from over a hundred new patterns. Selected styles that have an exclusive smartness all their own—an “air” of good breeding that sets them apart from the crowd.

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1630

1930



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LEGIONNAIRES and their friends, who may visit *Boston* during the *Convention*, are cordially invited to come to our bank, which is on *School Street* nearly opposite *City Hall*.

During *Convention week*, we shall be prepared, at a table just inside our door, to furnish information concerning *Boston*—maps, directories, telephone book, etc. It will please us to have you use these facilities.

When you come . . . ask for a copy of our *Map of Old Boston* . . . which we prepared for free distribution during *Boston's Tercentenary*.

*This map measures about 25 x 19 inches; it is attractively printed in four colors, and is suitable for framing. We shall be glad to mail a copy to readers of THE AMERICAN LEGION MONTHLY, without charge or obligation. Please use coupon.*

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## Down to the Sea in Yankee Ships

(Continued from page 39)

haved. It was restless. But the West was undeveloped; there were immense stretches of free land. The more energetic poor men moved West. In the East, the industrial revolution was on its way. Busy factories paid more than merchant skippers even could earn. Sailors were unavailable; even foreign sailors. Everybody preferred the relatively high wages of the shops.

The war had increased the cost of living. Americans could not be hired for the prevailing forecastle wages. Shipbuilding, old style, did not pay. We had become unfamiliar with the newer methods of the British.

And so until the World War created a necessity which mothered the building of a thousand ships. The German submarine campaign drove trans-Atlantic freights to unprecedented heights. Our yards began to turn out ships. You all know how our entry into the war further stimulated building.

But the end of the war found us with a surplus of ships. British, Scandinavian, Japanese and French also had idle ships. The German merchant navy, depleted by wartime seizures and sinkings, began to regain its oldtime prestige. It built newer ships, and the newer ships were faster and better than most of our own war-built vessels, constructed on obsolescent lines, with obsolescent, reciprocating engines. Only our Navy had ships attuned to the modern. Foreigners were building huge vessels, propelled by Diesel

motors and oil-burning boilers feeding modern turbine engines.

We could not compete in construction because it cost twice as much to build ships in this country as it cost abroad.

More than a year ago, Congress attempted to alleviate this condition by the Jones act, which offers what amounts to subsidies in the form of low-interest loans for construction, plus fat mail contracts for operation.

In the last few months, several lines have announced important building projects. Robert Dollar's already successful round-the-world ships will be supplemented by a fleet of the largest and speediest ships in the Pacific trade. The United States Lines, under private operation, has announced a plan to build two new ships, in the *Leviathan* class for size, in a class by themselves for speed.

American labor is the most efficient on earth. Liberalized seamen's laws are tending to give our owners competitive opportunities for offsetting the discrepancy between American and foreign wages by virtue of this efficiency. This efficiency can be applied to construction as well as operation. The economies of shipbuilding are cumulative; the more you build, the cheaper you can build.

Since the launching of the *Blessing of the Bay* we have met and solved many problems. Three wars swept our merchant vessels from the seas. A fourth brought them back for a time. We can come back again. We have done it before.

## 850,000 Strong

(Continued from page 4)

reports in November and December, and on January 1, 1930, the total paid-up membership for the new year stood at 310,630. This was 124,510 ahead of paid-in-advance membership on New Year's Day the year previous. This showing was the key to the 1930 formula, and it is the same key which will open the way to an even larger membership in 1931. As I write this, on the eve of the Boston national convention, all plans are made for concerted post and department 1931 membership efforts to cover October, November and December. The battle orders have been drawn up and are now going out to each post. We can approach the million in 1931 if we all pull together in the year ahead as we did in the year which is now ending.

Certain departments and certain posts worked out this year remarkably effective membership-getting plans which can be adopted by other posts and departments for 1931. Most departments observed the first part of last November as American Legion Week. Wisconsin used an airplane roundup on Armistice Day, November 11, 1929, and was able to send National Headquarters in one consignment 20,120 membership cards and a

check for \$20,120. Airplanes made trips from city to city to pick up the cards and all flew into a Milwaukee airport where department officials waited to greet them with ceremonies.

Arkansas as a tribute to National Commander O. L. Bodenhamer enrolled before November 10, 1929, 70.86 percent of its entire 1930 quota. What Arkansas did, any other department could do. We have therefore asked that all posts observe American Legion Week from November 4th to 11th. Quota assignments will be sent to all department headquarters by October 15th, and uniform plans for the use of all posts will be distributed generally. A new membership poster will be available and posts are asked to use motion picture trailers which may be obtained through the National Headquarters.

A special citation for most distinguished service will be awarded to posts equaling or surpassing last year's membership by November 11th. Shortly after Armistice Day, all departments will at a designated time telegraph to National Headquarters their membership totals, and the figures will be read at the annual conference of Department Commanders



and Adjutants, in session at Indianapolis.

The whole schedule of citations, trophies and other honors has been advanced in date in the general movement for the promotion of early membership. The Hanford MacNider trophy will be awarded as of December 31st, to the department having the highest percentage of membership over its preceding year's membership. The standing of departments in the convention parade, in convention housing and convention hall seating, which heretofore has been determined by the membership records on June 15th, will be advanced to May 15th.

Proper initiation ceremonies have long been considered a means of stabilizing membership. A new member should be impressed with the dignity and honor which his Legion card bestows on him. If he has become a Legionnaire under proper auspices, he will not permit his membership to lapse, but will renew it each year as a matter of pride and self interest, just as he keeps in force his insurance policies. This year the week of December 13th to 20th will be observed as Legion Initiation Week and all posts are asked to hold ceremonies.

Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania, and Lowell, Massachusetts, have provided for the rest of the Legion model initiation ceremonies which will benefit any post. In Wilkes-Barre, membership was increased from 256 to 1,765 in less than eighteen months by enrolling new members in a series of classes, each named after an outstanding Legionnaire, and holding an impressive initiation for each class.

Lowell set for itself the goal of 1,000 members in 1930. It reached its goal by enrolling 500 new Legionnaires. It determined to hold a single initiation for the 500. The class was named in honor of Mrs. Edith Nourse Rogers of Lowell, a Massachusetts representative in Congress whose services to disabled veterans are well known. The whole city joined in the ceremony as a tribute to Mrs. Rogers.

National Headquarters has prepared for distribution to posts everywhere bulletins giving the details of these mass initiation plans and other information useful in carrying out 1931 membership programs. The keynote of all this literature is "Start early!" The post that elects its 1931 officers early and starts immediately to get renewals from old members and sign up new members is the post that will be out in front when next New Year's Day comes. It will also be doing its part in bringing nearer the day when The American Legion will be a million strong and the hold-outs will come rushing to get aboard. The history of the G. A. R. proves that that day is coming. Not until twenty-five years after the Civil War did the G. A. R. reach its membership peak. And, as everybody knows, that organization included at its zenith practically every Northern veteran who had served honorably. The Civil War veteran who was not a member of the G. A. R. was so rare as to excite comment. The mere fact that he had not aligned himself with his former comrades for the long march out of time raised questions in the minds of all.

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**750,000 Satisfied Customers Have  
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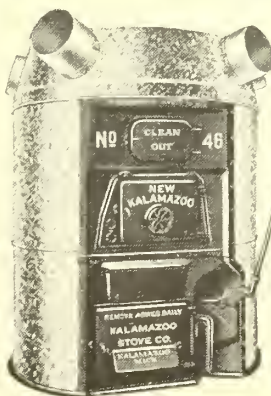
Coal and Wood Ranges	<input type="checkbox"/>	Important: Be sure to put an (X) in column at left to indicate articles in which you are interested.
Gas & Combination Ranges	<input type="checkbox"/>	KALAMAZOO STOVE CO., Mfrs., 2066 Rochester Ave., Kalamazoo, Mich.
Cabinet Heaters	<input type="checkbox"/>	Dear Sirs: Please send me your FREE Catalog.
Pipe Furnaces	<input type="checkbox"/>	Name.....
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"Oh, I say...  
is there no end  
to this?"



IT'S Sir Walter speaking. What, Sir Walter Raleigh? The same.

Some months ago he offered pipe lovers a free booklet on "How to take care of your pipe." And the poor chap's been buried under requests ever since.

However, we've succeeded in engaging two of Queen Elizabeth's ladies-in-waiting to help the old boy out with his mail—so don't hesitate to send for your copy. It tells you how to break in a new pipe—how to keep it sweet and mellow—how to make an old pipe smoke smoother and better—the proper way to clean a pipe—and a lot of worth-while hints on pipe hygiene.

If you're a pipe smoker, you'll want to read this booklet. It's free. Just write to the Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation, Louisville, Ky. Dept. 67.

**SIR WALTER  
RALEIGH**  
Smoking Tobacco

It's 15¢ and



it's milder

## B. Franklin, Electrician

(Continued from page 25)

River by no other means than the water as a conductor. The first witnesses to the operation of Marconi's wireless could hardly have been more astonished. But strange to relate it occurred neither to Watson who first sent a current any distance by wire nor to Franklin who first sent one without a wire to devise a code by which human intelligence might be transmitted.

Franklin closed his second winter of experiments with "a party of pleasure" on the bank of the Schuylkill near town. Going to the opposite side of the stream he sent a current across, lighting a pan of brandy. Then he electrocuted a turkey and roasted it on a spit made to revolve by electricity before an electrically kindled fire. When the bird was ready and the feast spread the healths of brother electricians across the sea were drunk in what Franklin called "electrified bumpers" as a salvo of muskets was discharged by a storage battery. In the playthings of Franklin's fantastic picnic of 1748 one may discern the ancestors of a half dozen household commonplaces of today, not to mention the electric chair.

That summer Franklin prepared to devote the remainder of his life to science. Selling the greater part of his business enterprises he retired from active management and prepared to live on the income of his past labors which came to £3,000 sterling or thrice that of the royal governor. In purchasing power it was equal to \$50,000 today. The wealthy retired printer moved into a roomy suburban house at Second and Race Streets. His garden extended to the river in which he spent two hours a day regaining the proficiency of his youth at swimming and diving.

Outside the windows of his workroom Franklin ran a chain to keep back the curious. So many people would hang upon this barrier that Franklin finally attached a concealed wire to it, and after giving one or two audiences a stiff shock this sort of trespass diminished.

Kinnersley was provided with a set of electrical equipment and sent on a tour of the provinces. It was very successful, carrying the lecturer to the West Indies, and, one hopes, improving the chronically sorry state of his finances. Franklin continued his experiments of the effect of electricity on the bodies of animals and men. Electrocuted fowl "eats uncommonly tender," he thought. Turkeys were hardest to kill, and while preparing to kill one at a private demonstration the world suddenly and without sensation went blank.

"I then felt what I know not well to describe—a universal blow from head to foot, which seemed within as well as without . . . (and) a violent quick shaking of the body." But this was not the impact of the shock Franklin had given himself instead of the turkey; it was the force of the shock wearing off as he regained his senses. Franklin had

sent the full discharge of two six-gallon Leyden jars into his body. A blinding flash and a crack like that of a pistol had terrified the spectators but Franklin had heard or felt nothing. He declined to believe what had happened until he saw the jars had been discharged. Franklin said this blunder compared with that of the Irishman who sought to steal gunpowder by making a hole in the keg with a hot poker.

Later Franklin knocked down six men who submitted themselves to the test. Paralytics flocked to him for treatment, perhaps giving rise to the quackery in this line which persisted for a hundred and fifty years. But Franklin soon came to the conclusion that there was no benefit from electricity. If the patients felt a little better for the time being he thought it was because of the exercise in getting to his house and their buoyed spirits in the expectation of relief. While preparing to treat a sick pilgrim Franklin again almost killed himself by accidentally making a circuit that sent "an immense charge" through his own head. Franklin was thrown to the floor unconscious. When he came to he could not at first believe, despite his earlier experience, what had happened, but where the charge had entered was a bump on his head that did not go down for several days. In any event Franklin had established the painless aspect of death by electricity.

Observing the effect of electricity on animate and inanimate objects led Franklin to reflect upon its similarity to the effect of lightning. The identity of lightning was a question that had engaged the mind of man from the dawn of history. Although the supernatural theory still had its adherents, scientific explanations had been advanced, the prevailing one being that it was due to the detonation of a mixture of sulphurous and nitrous gases, producing an explosion not unlike that of gunpowder.

After a number of observations Franklin wrote for his friend Collinson in London a luminous and epochal paper comparing electricity to lightning, and proposed a test by drawing lightning from the heavens by means of a metal point on a spire or tower and examining it. The want of an object tall enough prevented Franklin from trying it in Philadelphia, he said. Moreover, Franklin suggested the feasibility of drawing lightning to metal points on tall buildings and masts of ships and conducting it to earth or sea by means of a wire, thus preventing damage.

Collinson read the paper before the Royal Society and suggested that it be published in the *Transactions* of that body. The experiments were voted down in derision and publication declined.

Collinson then offered the paper, with others of Franklin's, to the celebrated *Gentleman's Magazine* of London. The publisher declined to risk the prestige of his periodical but published a small edition of the papers as a pamphlet. The



booklet attracted little notice in England until its translation had made a sensation in France. Editions in German, Italian and Latin followed and Franklin's theories became the talk of Christendom. The Abbe Nolet, the foremost electrician of France, and a member of the King's household, increased the demand for the book by an amusing attack in which he declared it to be the product of his jealous enemies. When he learned that there was in fact a man named Franklin he published a volume of letters addressed to him disputing the Philadelphia experiments which pointed to conclusions contrary to his own.

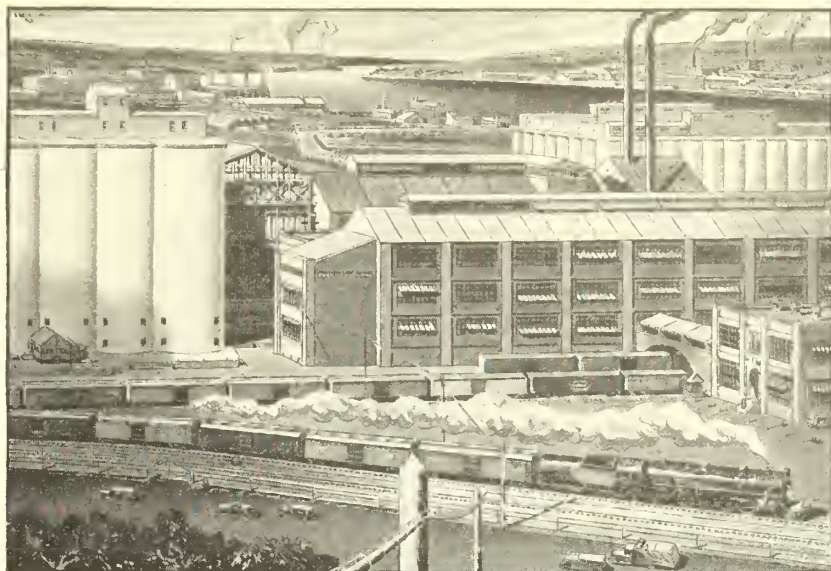
Franklin did not reply, but awaited with some impatience the completion of the steeple on Christ Church in Philadelphia so that he might put his theory concerning lightning to trial. A lottery was agreed upon to raise money to finish the spire, and Franklin, not usually an active parishioner, consented to be one of the "managers" of the drawing in order to hasten the work. Before anything was done, however, Louis XV commanded a trial of the Franklin theory in France. It was successful. From a tall building lightning was drawn from a cloud and found to be electricity. "Franklin's idea ceases to be a conjecture," said the report to the French Academy. "It has become a reality."

With the news of this triumph on its slow way to America doubts as to the conclusiveness of a steeple test began to steal into the active mind of the editor. A kite flown into actual contact with a thunderbolt would be the best way, he thought. Fearing ridicule in event of failure and possibly death in event of success he kept the project from everyone except his son William, who was not the small boy shown in many illustrations, but a young man-about-town of twenty-two with an expensive taste for clothes.

Beneath a sky that portended a June thunderstorm father and son fared forth with a kite made of a silk handkerchief. From its top side projected a stiff piece of wire as a point to attract the lightning. By the time they reached the grassgrown common at Eighth and Race Streets a tricky wind stirred the sultry air and rain began to fall in great drops. The wet kite reeled, but rose and catching a fortuitous gust sailed high into the air. The Franklins took shelter under a cowshed at the corner of the green.

A mist blotted out nearly everything. The kite was invisible except by flashes of lightning. In the shed Franklin had a Leyden jar in which he hoped to store any current that should come down the wet hemp cord to which a common latch key was attached. Beyond the key the part of the cord Franklin held in his hand was of silk.

A low dark cloud moved over the common, enveloping the kite. The sky was alive with lightning and thunder was almost continuous. But for what seemed a long time nothing happened and Franklin was beginning to fear that nothing was going to happen when suddenly the fibers on the hemp cord bristled like the tail of an angry (Continued on page 44)



## Giants out of the earth

*An Advertisement of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company*

NO AGE but ours has seen so swift and complete an application of natural forces to the doing of daily tasks. Man's leaping knowledge . . . embodied in industrial plants and laboratories, airplanes and electric locomotives . . . has won new power and freedom. Machines are the symbols of a new relationship with nature. They are the servants of this civilization . . . helping men to extend the limits of their opportunities, to change the character of their life.

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*Pal* is a *de luxe* type. Armored ribs of live rubber knit into its soft, porous pouch give super-support and super-safety. Cool, luxurious, *Pal* outwears two or three ordinary supporters, yet costs only a dollar. At druggists and sporting goods dealers.

# BIKE and Pal

**BAUER & BLACK**

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What every man should know about the need and functions of a supporter is concisely presented in our new treatise "Guard the Vital Zone." Address Bauer & Black, 2524 S. Dearborn St., Chicago, for free copy.

## B. Franklin, Electrician

(Continued from page 43)

cat. To all appearances the cord was charged with electricity, but the way to find out was to touch the key.

Franklin stretched forth his knuckles, so accustomed to electric shock, not knowing whether in the next moment he would be alive or dead. When the news of his experiment reached Europe kites were flown everywhere and Professor Richman of St. Petersburg was killed doing what Franklin proposed to do now. But in the cow-shed there was only a spark and a harmless little crack. From the feel of his hand Franklin knew that it was electricity he had brought from the clouds.

Word of this daring experiment reaching Europe on the heels of the French steeple test brought world-wide fame to the Philadelphian whose name was linked to those of Galileo and Newton. The Royal Society of London elected him to

membership and published his letters. Yale and Harvard College conferred honorary degrees and the following year, in 1753, the Copley medal of the Royal Society was carried across the ocean by the newly-arriving royal Governor of Pennsylvania, Captain Denny.

The presentation took place at the governor's mansion amid a flow of oratory and Madeira. The viceroy got drunk and confidential. Drawing Franklin aside he engaged him in a long conversation on politics. To the world of science that conversation may have been unfortunate. It marked the beginning of a new career for the retired publisher, then only forty-seven, entailing the abandonment of the researches by which in seven happy years Benjamin Franklin had brought the science of electricity out of the realm of academic philosophy and put it to work for mankind.

## Stranded

(Continued from page 9)

been balmy for ten minutes. That's long enough. Ask me a lot of questions. You don't know anything about the job yet, and it's time you began to learn."

"The job don't worry me half as much as Mr. J. Horn Engley and the rest of the bonding company men. Unless I'm hay-wire in the head, that bird is due to squeal louder than a stuck hog when we bust tonight's news in his face!"

"If a few pure and lofty remarks will do you any good, I'll tell you that the girl is on your side, you long, gangling louse. I damn near bust a laugh out loud back there! Both of you goggle-eyed at one stage in the game, and not knowin' just why. You got to be mighty careful, Spike. Women are mighty tricky."

"Cut it out. Give me some figures on the job."

"Fire away with your questions."

The technical inquisition lasted until midnight; and then, "That'll do," Spike announced. "Let's call it a day, Ink. There's a day's work in front of us tomorrow. We'll hit the hay till eight o'clock, and then we'll hit the ball. 'Night.'"

An hour before eight o'clock the next morning Spike Randall woke up. He devoted ten seconds to a quick summary of the events of the previous day. Then he reached his foot out and started a small earthquake in the bed adjoining his own. "Wake up, Ink," he called. "Roll out. Daylight in the swamp!"

When Jimmy the Ink had his eyes open, "First thing you do after breakfast is to begin rounding up the gang. Never mind about me. Stick right here in this bum hotel and use the telephone freely."

"It'll cost us ten cents a call," Jimmy reminded Spike.

"Never mind the coin. We'll have a workin' capital by eleven o'clock or we'll go out feet first. My first battle is with

the bank, and if I turn the trick there I'll clean up on the bonding company so fast it'll make J. Horn Engley's head swim. After that the only problem we have on our hands is the Rock River powerhouse. Git your pants on and hurry up while we round up the java. I've got to tabulate a rainbow estimate for the bank between now and ninety-thirty."

Presenting his rainbow estimate to a sour-faced vice-president of the Loan Federal Trust, "Benton Yorke died two weeks ago. He had a profitable contract. It's all plain work. The only piece of guesswork is whether Rock River gets to a flood stage before we get the foundation concrete poured. If we have trouble there it will cost ten or fifteen thousand dollars more than it will if the river stays tame. The contract ends when we get the powerhouse built. We have nothing to do with the hydraulic machinery and the generators. That work is let under a separate contract. There appears to be between twenty and thirty thousand dollars' profit in this job."

The lemon-faced banker scowled. "We know all about the job. We have had several reports on it." He failed to state that Benton Yorke had been invited to carry the Rock River power job accounts in the Loan Federal because half the local world knew that it was a good job. Then, "The principal difficulty, Mr. Randall, is your estimate covering labor. Material prices, as you say, are comparatively fixed quantities, but the labor costs will run higher than you have indicated."

"Maybe not," Spike answered. "The keynote of this whole organization is a bit unusual. The force employed will be made up largely of old timers from an Engineer Regiment that fought the



Battle of Bordeaux in 1917. They get nominal wages, and if there's a profit in the job it will be divided among the construction crew. They didn't get any money in the army, and they won't get much on this job until the blowoff. When payday comes the velvet will be split right down the line."

"You'll never get by the Labor Commission with that scheme."

"I'm by it already. There won't be a hired man on the job. It'll be a co-partnership both ways from me to the water-boy and back. The Ampere Power Company is good for your loan, if we blow up. They're the owners. All I want at first is money enough to square the material men and to buy some odds and ends of plant and to get the camp started."

"How are you going to take care of your camp expenses?"

"Chow is material as far as I'm concerned. Of course I intend to use some of the capital for groceries."

Remembering tales of the A. E. F., the lemon-faced banker smiled his first smile. "Lots of canned salmon—goldfish, I believe. I suppose you'll eat plenty of goldfish on the job?"

Spike Randall realized that he had won his fight. "If there's any goldfish shows up within fifty miles of the job I'll feed 'im to the grizzly bears. There may be gold in them hills, but there'll be no goldfish if we can help it."

"Get all the gold you can." The banker shoved a printed note form at Spike Randall. "Sign your name here. I suppose it isn't worth anything now, but we'll make a play with Lady Luck. What are you going to call your outfit, by the way?"

"Call it—" Spike hesitated a second, and then, "Call it—The Rabble Shoveliers. That's what we were eleven years ago; that's what we still are." He signed his name.

"Go easy on the bankroll," the banker advised. "I'll have a man out to check up on you now and then. You start with a ten-thousand credit. If you need more, maybe we can find it. Good luck."

On his way out of the bank, thinking not too clearly, Spike reached for his watch. The watch was A. W. O. L. "Got to meet that girl at eleven o'clock. Wonder—" Then, right in the face of a frowning bank watchman, he laughed a quick laugh. "I wonder what the pawnbroker would say if he knew what happened just now . . . I'm losing my nerve. I didn't have nerve enough to ask the bank for a checkbook. Well, I'll let that ride for an hour or two."

When he met Jane Yorke, "The Rabble Shoveliers have just arranged for working capital," he announced. "You're safe enough in assigning the contract to us."

"Who are the Rabble Shoveliers?"

Spike Randall smiled. "So far the organization consists of Jimmy the Ink and me, but by six o'clock tonight there'll be another hundred names on the roll. Right now your job is to accumulate enough strength of character to tell J. Horn Engley that you will deal the cards in this game. He'll use a lot of language, because the new arrangement will cost him forty or fifty thousand dollars. Let him use it! You're the boss. (Continued on page 46)



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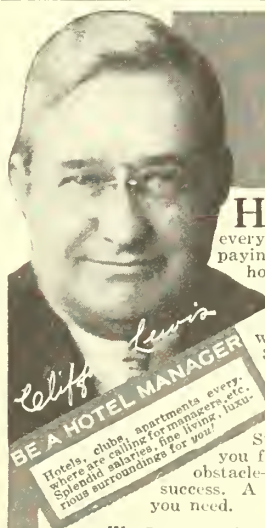
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## Stranded

(Continued from page 45)

No matter how much he orates, stay stubborn."

"I will. I understand this business lots better than I did last night."

Jane Yorke failed to state that she had devoted more time, through the night, to thinking of Spike Randall than she had to the business, but at the moment he was in no need of further inspiration than that which he derived from a growing realization that he was in the fight not for the cash that might come of it, but for the old Rabble Gang and the slim girl at his side.

"Stay stubborn," Spike Randall cautioned, a moment before he and Jane Yorke met the manager of the Cosmic Bonding Company. "He'll talk big, but we can beat him with two simple facts."

To J. Horn Engley, after he had introduced himself, "Miss Yorke has decided to carry on her father's contract for the Rock River powerhouse with her own organization. She has decided not to assign the contract to the bonding company."

The battle began with this opening gun. Presently, when some of the smoke had cleared away, "I need not remind you," Spike Randall said in answer to a volley of J. Horn Engley's fulminations, "I need not remind you that if the bonding company finished the work Miss Yorke would have a perfect case in equity that would enable her to collect not only the actual velvet, no matter how much it might shrink, but estimated profits. It's an easy job to figure and there's nothing in it that would confuse the court."

J. Horn Engley scowled. "Go ahead with it; but you'll remember one thing—the surety bond is canceled right this minute." The bonding man smiled a thin smile at Jane Yorke. "You don't know who this man is, Miss Yorke. I won't try to tell you who he is, but I'll tell you one thing, that you can't go ahead with the job for the Ampere Power Company unless you furnish a surety bond." Here J. Horn Engley played a cuff ace. "And no bonding company will write it! Good morning!"

"What about the last announcement he made?" Jane Yorke asked when they had left the offices of the bonding company. "I mean about the power company requiring a bond?"

"Don't worry. There's no penalty to your contract, and no bonus. The bank's roll and the labor we invest in the job will be bond enough. The Rabble Shoveliers are staking reputation and sweat against the owners' money. There'll be no hitch there. I'll send you an assignment of the contract in a day or two for your signature. In the meantime, your first job is to get back to school. Don't worry, now, about the Rock River powerhouse. It's a cinch. High, low, jack or the game we'll build it and we'll build you a bankroll at the same time. I'll take you to the train."

Parting from Jane Yorke, "I'm proud of the battle you put up when J. Horn

Engley opened up with his big guns," Spike said. "You sure done noble. I thought he had you bluffed at one time, but you licked him a million. You'll make a contractor yet."

Jane Yorke did not look at Spike Randall for a moment. Smiling, then, she looked up at him. "Goodbye, Mr. Randall," she said simply. "And good luck."

Returning to the hotel where Jimmy the Ink was rounding up the loose ends of the Rabble crew, "With two dollars more I'd have asked her to lunch with us," Spike declared, "—but you can't issue much rations for a lady on a four-bit bankroll."

FROM the old crew of the Rabble Shoveliers, within a week after Spike Randall and Jimmy the Ink began work, a hundred men were assembled for the new job.

"Make believe you're back in Sunny France," was the orders.

"All we do is sign the payroll."

"Not even that," a crepe-hanger answered. "You get a few francs now and then and a cut of the velvet, if any, and that's all."

"Where d'you git that 'if any' stuff? There's bokoo jack in this job. It's hand-picked and sewed up. Nothin' much but rock and concrete. Look at the price Spike's gittin'."

"How's Spike goin' to figger us in on the velvet? I thought that old man Yorke's girl copped the coin."

"Spike figgers our cut at better than wages, and there's more money in this job than Carter had pills."

"And in the meantime all we get out of it is chow and free cigarettes. It makes me homesick for the A. E. F."

"Over there you didn't git the cigarettes."

"There's one thing you got to say for this country—it's got France skinned for weather and game. I never saw trout so hungry no place in my life as they are in them four pools above here."

"The chow ain't so rotten either, big boy, what with all the trout you want and pickin' deer meat out of your back teeth and no M. P.'s ridin' herd on you and somebody puttin' on a slug of radio vaudeville every night. It's got all the comforts of your home in Sunny France beat a mile."

"The main thing that gits on my nerves is the Tapper goin' around complainin' from mornin' to night just like he used to. How come Spike made a hired hand out of him is more than I can tell. He's a white-collar plug if I ever saw one."

"He ought to be a mucker. He was a professor of geology in the university before his health busted. Where did Spike find him?"

"Jimmy the Ink found him runnin' a fillin' station and coughin' eighteen hours a day, up above Milpitas. The Tapper's all right if he wouldn't go so far out of his way lookin' for hard luck all the time. What he needs is sunshine in his soul."



"He can do more figgerin' in fifteen minutes than anybody else can in three days. That's why Spike uses him. You ought to see him run out that bill of material for the form lumber on that west wall. The guy knows everything."

"He might not know everything, but he does everything. Lays down his muck-stick and picks up a lead pencil and works half the night, and is out at daylight the next day tappin' around with that little prospectin' pick of his and scrapin' the face of nature."

"What's he lookin' for? Gold?"

"He's lookin' for geology. His motto is, 'Just keep lookin'.'"

One of the things that the Tapper found, three weeks after he had begun to settle into the collar, was a cargo of gloom relative to a small mountain of rock that rose high above the powerhouse. "You're makin' a mistake with the heavy shots for those penstock tunnels through that stuff, Spike," the Tapper advised. "It's a conglomerate that is bedded on slate and there's a cleavage plane of talc slicker than a wet cake of soap. Take my advice and don't shake it up too much or you'll have a young mountain on top of you."

"You just got through sayin' this country is a million years old. It's stood hitched that long, hasn't it?"

"Not quite. That cemented gravel up the hill above it is one of the ancient river channels. That formation don't date back that far by a flock of years. You better use high-pressure stuff in your tunnels through that conglomerate and lay off with the heavy shakes. You loosen up more rock with the low-nitro dynamite, but you're mighty apt to bury this job if that conglomerate cliff ever starts to move."

"Tapper, for the seven-ton love of the six-toed Pete think of something cheerful once in your life! Get the hell out of here. Go out and find me a gold mine or something."

"There's plenty of gold mine on the topside of that hill any time you want it. Go down into the blue lead till you hit bedrock and the chances are you could make a cleanup bigger than the Federal Reserve Bank. Look it over the next time you go up the line and you'll see what I mean. Maybe you'll see what I mean about the hill, too. I've got a couple of pieces of reinforcing steel cemented into two parts of the country up there. There's two scratches on 'em exactly forty feet apart, as near as I could measure it with a steel tape. When those two monuments separate half an inch, it means this job is buried with all hands until Gabriel starts excavating with his horn."

"Wrong again. All that hill could do would be to change itself into a rock slide on the way down here. Probably stop against the back wall of the powerhouse."

"I suppose the bunkhouse and all of us birds would stop the rest of it. Bunkhouse full of damn fools makes a first-class bulkhead for a sliding mountain. That's part of your theory too. I suppose?"

"On your way, (Continued on page 48)"

# How I MADE UP for JOHN'S ShrunkEN PAY CHECK



## How a Little Home Business Brought Independence

"They've cut our piece rate again," John said bitterly as he gloomily ate his supper. "I've been working at top speed and then only making a bare living, but now—"

It had been hard enough before but now—with John's pay check even smaller—I feared it would be impossible to make ends meet.

Idly I fingered through the pages of a magazine and saw an advertisement telling how women at home were making \$15.00 to \$50.00 a week supplying Brown Bobby greaseless doughnuts.

"Why can't you do the same?" I asked myself. "Why can't you do what others have done. Investigate!" I did. In a few days I received details of the Brown Bobby plan. It seemed too good to be true because it showed how I, without neglecting my housework or little Jimmy, could easily make money.

Well, to make the story short, I went into the business without telling John. I passed out sample Brown Bobbys to my friends, gave out a few samples around restaurants, lined up a couple grocery stores. In my first week I sold 238 dozen Brown Bobbys at an average profit of 15c a dozen.

When John brought home his next pay check,

he threw it down on the table and said gloomily, "I'm sorry, honey, but it's the best I can do."

"It's not the best you can do, darling," and I almost cried when I told him of the money I had made selling Brown Bobbys. It was the happiest moment in my life.

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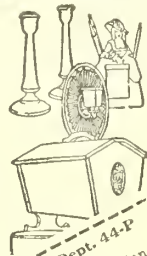
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## Stranded

(Continued from page 47)

on your way! Come back as soon as you can tell me something cheerful."

Five weeks later, an hour after the four o'clock shot had been fired in the penstock tunnels that were being driven through the hill of conglomerate, the Tapper came back to Spike Randall with a third alarm. "Come a-runnin' and I'll show you something," he panted. "The whole damn mountain is moving!"

The two steel bars that the Tapper had set were an inch over forty feet apart when Spike Randall, at one end of the steel tape, read the mute announcement of disaster. "You're right," he said. "We're licked!"

"I'm always right with rock. You'd better get everybody out of the bunkhouse. The odds are ten to one this mountain moves from hell to breakfast within the next hour. Five seconds after she really begins to move she'll wipe that concrete powerhouse off the map, along with the flimsy joint that's been our happy home."

"I'll get the Rabble in the clear," Spike said, heavily. He looked downhill a thousand feet to where the yellow form lumber and the gray concrete of the powerhouse lay sharp against the white gravel bed of Rock River. Then, in ten-foot strides, sliding down the loose rock slope of a halted avalanche that was presently to travel in the same direction, he started for the doomed job.

On the job, "Pick up the tools," he ordered. "Get in the clear—there's a big slide comin'. The mountain is moving. Get the crew out of the cook shack. Dig your junk out of the bunkhouse." To

Jimmy the Ink, "Grab the books and get 'em safe. Take everything into that stand of pine trees on the bench downstream. We'll make a temporary camp there until—"

A rumbling of the unquiet earth checked his words. A little tree against the skyline, growing out of the hill above them, fell slowly and lay flat on a mass of rock that had begun to move. Detached boulders along the slope of the moving hill seemed to have begun a race directly toward the men who observed these first warnings of the peril that threatened them.

Then, "Downstream!" Spike yelled. "Let's go, Rabble—get in the clear!"

On his way to safety Spike looked sideways once at the mountainside that had disintegrated in its plunging course. In a cloud of dust on the flank of the slide, standing erect and riding the tumbling rock, he saw the Tapper. "Good old boy," he thought first, and then, "Good-bye, old Tapper," he whispered. "That guy sure knew his rock! He saved us—but he's gone!"

The air was trembling now with rolling waves of sound, and constant tremors shook the solid ground. Ten feet ahead of him Spike saw Jimmy the Ink stumble in his flight. He reached for the Ink's arm and jerked him, running, to his feet. "Highball! Fifty feet more and we're in the clear."

Jimmy the Ink looked up at Spike. "Let's go!" he answered. Then, breathless, "We'd better—keep runnin'—till we hit China!"

(To be concluded)

## Lengthening the Life Line

(Continued from page 12)

For instance, take a splintered bone—a fracture where the bone is literally splintered into small pieces. Many of these fractures can be repaired today as they could not have been fifteen years ago. The surgeon opens the flesh to the point of fracture and painstakingly reconstructs the bone, setting the pieces together with tiny screws and wire—much the same type of mechanical problem as if you undertook to restore a china plate which had been shattered. Before this operation was developed the best that could be hoped for was that the limb would heal crooked and would never be fully useful, or an amputation might be needed. After a successful operation the limb is as good as ever.

Along this same line, the treatment of fractures, at the time of the Civil War the suspension of the fractured limb was known and generally used. Then, like the Hodgen splint, which we have already mentioned, it passed out of use and was largely forgotten. It came back into universal use during the World War, and presumably will remain so until supplanted by something better.

The greatest advance in surgery came, of course, with the development first of antiseptic surgery—where the wound was treated with antiseptics to prevent infection—and then with the development of aseptic surgery, where the field was sterilized, nothing but sterile instruments and bandages and gloves and so forth introduced, and where consequently infection could not arise. Yet surgeons are living, old men, who can remember when a wound was scrutinized for several days after an operation to determine whether the pus was "laudable" or "malignant"—I think those are the terms they used.

Today if any pus should appear after most types of operations there would be a blow-up that would shake the entire staff and nursing force of a hospital. Asepsis is taken as a matter of course, and post-operative infection simply is not considered as a possibility. Aseptic surgery has saved more lives and eliminated more disabilities than any discovery in the medical sciences before or since. In the one experience common to every living person, asepsis has so tre-



mendously reduced the mortality of childbirth both among mothers and children that it is difficult for anyone below middle age to recall the ghastly danger that used to accompany the normal process of being born or of bearing a child.

An historical incident came when Brigadier General B. J. D. Irwin during the Civil War observed that there was less infection and loss of life among those wounded who could not be sheltered in buildings for lack of space, and who therefore had to be cared for in tents or even out of doors. In consequence he moved many of the wounded from churches and schools and houses which had been turned into temporary hospitals and put them in tents where fresh air and asepsis, as we know it today, prevented infection and saved many lives.

There have been many revolutionary advances in surgery within my own lifetime, many of them subsequently relegated to oblivion by still further advances. For instance, there was the Murphy button, the invention of Dr. John B. Murphy of Chicago, one of the greatest surgeons the world has seen. Until Murphy's time it was impossible to operate on the intestines because there was no way of joining together the edges of the wound.

Murphy developed a device based on the principle of the ordinary snap fastener, open in the middle. This device, to short-cut the description, was sewn on the inside of each loose end of the intestine and the two parts snapped together; the ends of the bowel were then sewn together. It held the edges of the wound in place without any strain, and they healed normally. Not only that, but also when the suture was absorbed in the natural process of healing, the Murphy button was released and passed on through and out of the body.

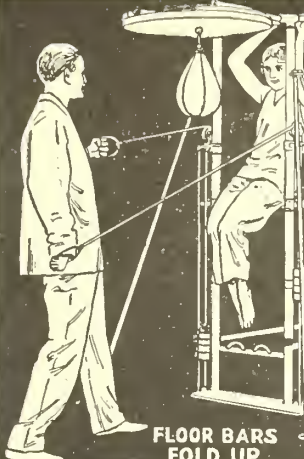
The Murphy button is no longer in use. Better ways have been devised for accomplishing the same job. But until it was developed, there was no surgical relief possible for the patient suffering from any ailment requiring an intestinal operation for its cure. Its coming opened to the surgeon a whole vital region which previously had been marked "no trespassing."

It would be possible to fill this entire issue with equally brief descriptions of other major improvements that have taken place in surgery. But the point is that more and more of the body is having the no-trespass signs removed, more and more operations which for some reason were impossible are becoming possible. And where the surgeon is able to enter with assurance, a whole section of the human race that suffers from ailments in that organ or region is given hope of relief where no hope had been.

One of the great advances in surgery—so great that it was included in most of the history texts that we studied in common schools—came with anesthesia. Chloroform and ether were the standard anesthetics until very recently. They had their dangers and disadvantages which every surgeon knew, but they were the best general anesthetics available.

Two men at the (Continued on page 50)

## "IT'S A FINE MORNING"



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## Lengthening the Life Line

(Continued from page 49)

University of Chicago worked for years on this problem. Within the past few years they have given surgeons another substance to use as a general anesthetic—ethylene, a gas that everyone knows who has studied even the most elementary organic chemistry. Ethylene has all the advantages of chloroform and ether, and it seems likely to do away with any danger of pneumonia which sometimes has followed the use of the standard anesthetics, particularly after long operations.

Then there is local anesthesia and nerve blocking. Local anesthesia for minor operations, such substances as cocaine and novocaine injected locally in such operations as the removal of tonsils, has long been generally employed. And if you have had a tooth removed by a really skilful dentist during the past ten years you have probably experienced nerve blocking—the use of a local anesthetic injected directly into a nerve which leads to the tooth to be removed. This causes a loss of sensation in the whole area, and the patient has been able, if the anesthetizing has been perfectly performed, to endure the ordeal with no pain at all.

Now this principle is being very generally applied to major surgery. The anesthetic is most frequently injected into the spine, rendering completely without sensation the area in which the operation is to be performed. Appendicitis operations are performed in this way many times daily in some hospitals, and the patient is able to watch the operation if he can stand the sight of blood. All the dangers of general anesthesia are thus avoided. And the distressing gas pains which followed most major surgery in the abdominal cavity are eliminated, because the nerve-blocking local anesthetic does not temporarily paralyze the intestines as does the general anesthetic.

There are other developments of perhaps equal importance. For example, in removing an appendix it was standard to cut through the abdominal wall in a given way. Comparatively recently surgeons have discovered that cutting through in another way destroys far less of the muscle of this wall than did the other method. The result is that patients operated on under this technique—which

is only now in process of adoption—are up and about in a very few days, still strapped up with adhesive tape, to be sure, but able to be about any except strenuous business, whereas a few years ago they would still be abed.

Few of these ideas have sprung full-blown from the foreheads of men. They have come rather by a process of development. Almost twenty years ago, for instance, the first-string fullback of a Middle Western university suddenly went to the hospital in mid-October with acute appendicitis. John B. Murphy, he of the button, was professor of surgery in this university's medical school. He was drafted to perform the operation, for he was a notable authority on appendectomy. He knew how urgently the fullback was needed on the football field.

Barely more than a week later the player reported for practice, with Dr. Murphy's permission, and played on the following Saturday. I believe that he missed only one game. No ill effects followed. If the present method of cutting through the abdominal wall is not a lineal descendant of the technique used in that particular operation, then I am wrong in my guess.

But I suspect that I have made my point. Surgery in this country, and in other countries also, is making steady, rapid progress. It is saving from premature death many useful people who otherwise would be lost to society in general and to their loved ones in particular. It is restoring to useful lives multitudes of men and women who without it would be hampered by disabilities and perhaps crippled for their whole life spans. It is making it possible for people who would never have been in danger of either death or permanent disability to get back to their jobs much sooner than would have been imagined possible only a few years ago.

Yes, we surgeons may be a little proud of our profession and what it is accomplishing for humanity. At the same time, as I intimated at the outset of this article, we must not forget our debt to the World War for developing surgery to the point it has reached and to the still more advanced point toward which it is steadily progressing.

## The Road from Yesterday

(Continued from page 11)

And so we come to the autumn of 1930, hopeful that at least the turn upward has arrived. But has it? What is prosperity after all? Is it not the sum total of all industries and all services and all peoples gainfully employed? When will it come again?

To find the answer eyes are turned constantly on the government at Washington. And why not? Is not the government conducting one of the most far-

reaching experiments in the organizing of agriculture? Is not the government, through the adjustment of tariffs, attempting to build up home industries or perhaps has it, through the selfsame tariff, curtailed the opportunities of the American manufacturer to sell his products abroad? Has the American merchant marine been given sufficient aid to enable it to keep down the cost of ocean freights? Are the railroads to be con-



solidated into systems that will eliminate waste and either reduce ultimately the cost of transportation or keep transportation costs at present levels while improving the efficiency of freight deliveries? These are economic problems of first importance.

The most conspicuous of all—perhaps the root of all our trouble—is the plight of the American farmer. A surplus of products and a surplus of farmers, together with a lack of co-ordination in marketing products has given the federal government a real challenge. On the one side are the critics who decry paternalism or government aid, and on the other, are the farmer organizations and business men in farm areas who, in a spirit of helplessness, embraced McNary-Haughenism and the export debenture idea, and finally, the Federal Farm Act in the hope that some way might be found to bring back the prices that agriculture once commanded. Here is a twelve billion dollar crop—a vast sum paid annually to the farmer wherewith he purchases automobiles, tractors, clothing, radios, lumber, electric light, and a thousand and one products and by-products of the commercial world. When once this twelve billion dollar market is impaired the rest of the country feels the pinch, too. So when the government, with a half billion dollar revolving fund, attempts, at the behest of Congress, to find a way to stabilize the marketing of agricultural products, it is not to be wondered at that even the conservatives look in the other direction or forget the ancient party doctrines of less government in business, in the hope that some temporary solution may be found which ultimately can be carried on by the farmers themselves without government aid.

The Farm Relief Act has set up a super-board to determine the destinies of agriculture. Money is loaned to organizations, which number in their membership farmers who signed an agreement to dispose of their crops under certain regulations of the co-operative societies. Thousands of co-operatives are grouped together into a single co-operative organization for each commodity to which the government lends aid. Stabilization is the word used to describe the process by which crops are held for a higher price and even carried over to the next season rather than being dumped on the market to produce a glut and lower prices. The government, through one of those privately organized commodity co-operatives, sits on the Board of Trade in Chicago and bids for future delivery of wheat, not because it likes to be in the speculative game, but because it believes it must use every tool at its disposal to keep the price level from being affected by those who bring false rumors or bearish news to the front at a time when the government data indicate that world supply is either not sufficient to meet the demand, or justifies a higher price than the market quotations.

Severe criticism has been visited upon the government for its policy in this respect, particularly as it has continued to lend money on crops far above their mar-

ket value, and has pleaded in vain with the farmers to curtail production. The outcome nobody knows—whether a lucky break next year, by which we mean a drought in some foreign land, or perhaps a curtailment of production in America itself, may adjust the supply to the needs of the world's food basket.

Again, it is the effort to find an equilibrium—a nice adjustment between the amount of goods produced and the amount that can possibly be absorbed. Immigration has kept out foreign labor, and yet there is a surplus of persons—hence a larger number of unemployed. The unemployed must eat, but they don't buy anything but necessities. The luxury products have suffered and indirectly those industries which have manufactured staples. There has been a tightening of belts all along the line and an economizing process within industry to maintain profits while reducing costs. The radio competes with the movie; the talkie competes with the legitimate drama; oil and gas fight against coal; electric and gas refrigeration carry on their combat with the iceman; the chain stores and the corner grocery are engaged in mortal combat; the bus has duplicated the railroad coach; and even the Pullman company offers an inducement to get some extra revenue for the upper berth that has been carried so many hundreds of thousands of miles in emptiness.

How to regain for each industry a greater market and an increased production; how to find employment for those who are being thrown out of work in a mechanized world; how to persuade foreign peoples to buy our motor cars and help keep Detroit occupied, while we help to close down their factories by shutting them off from the American market through high tariffs—all this is bewildering the governmental mind just as much as the layman's.

Nobody deliberately set out in the last session of Congress to ruin American export trade by imposing the tariff. Congress could hardly help itself. It was besought on every side to erect a tariff wall to protect certain American industries. Which would you rather have in America, a Congressman was asked, unemployment in your district because of the competition of cheaper made goods from abroad, or reprisals from Europe? Congress took the view that the home market was more important and that ways and means might be found just the same to extend foreign markets. A tariff bill is a complicated patchwork of sectional and economic interests woven together. The Tariff Commission and the flexible provisions of the law are expected to correct inequalities, if indeed any industry or set of economic units can remain static long enough to get a true measure of costs of production. The legislative branch of the government is still the reflection of what four hundred and thirty-five different districts want to see enacted into law and what forty-eight States with two Senators each, frequently of opposite opinion, think those States should receive from the government.

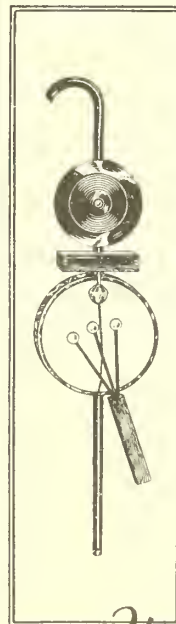
The miracle is not that Congress produced a compro- (Continued on page 52)

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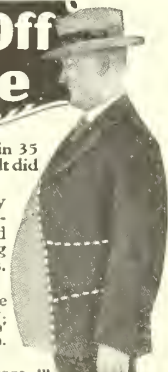
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## The Road from Yesterday

(Continued from page 51)

mise, but that it legislated at all. There is still a tendency to look superficially at the work of Congress and condemn it as a body of conversationalists. Yet if it were put alongside any other group of five hundred and thirty-one individuals it probably gets as much if not more work done than any other association or group of equal numbers in the world.

Who knows whether the tariff bill is good or bad? Yet there are people who talk profoundly about its merits. There are twenty thousand items in the tariff law, and to know whether the rates are just or unjust a critic would have to know the inside and outside of every business institution, factory or industry affected directly or indirectly by a tariff rate. If one is to judge by the amount of noise made by those affected unfavorably, then it is necessary to find out the meaning of those who silently accepted the benefits of tariff revision, and translated it into increased employment or at least continued earnings.

The executive branch of the government has developed in the last ten years into a great fact-finding and fact-assembling body whose main objective is to co-operate with business in the hope of extending foreign trade, standardizing processes at home through scientific investigation of wasteful methods, and by distribution of accurate data of value to commerce, industry and agriculture.

The regulatory function still insists upon being active whenever monopoly or restraint of trade or unfair practice puts its selfish clutches on the consumer. There has been a distinct forward movement both in the efficiency of government operations and the scope of its aid. The American shipbuilder can borrow money from the government at a low rate of interest and establish trade lines to the four corners of the earth. The aviation industry has been stimulated by government co-ordination as well as government contracts for airplanes as well as dirigibles. Commercial aviation has been aided by marking airways and building airports. Harbors have been deepened and waterways made more navigable.

Only one tragedy of major proportion lies across the governmental path—the tendency of the people toward law-breaking. Notwithstanding a huge expense and a sympathetic Congress, and the fact that the laws enacted under the Eighteenth Amendment, for instance, in the last ten years have been strengthened, the problem of enforcement has grown more complicated. What does it all mean? What can be done about it? What is the next step? No other question has so profoundly moved the people of the East, and echoes of it have gone across the continent, or have absorbed the time of government in all three branches—executive, legislative and judicial. A national commission has been appointed by President Hoover to get the facts. It is a traditional American method—to get the evidence from disin-

terested sources and then to render judgment. The commission, presided over by a former Attorney General of the United States, George W. Wickersham, a man of broad experience, is an unusually capable body of men. Their report, which will be made in the latter part of this year, will not be the last word on prohibition, but it will be a starting point for a better national understanding of what the problem in its present unstable state means to the social as well as the economic life of the nation. One can be a wet or a dry and still concede that "grave abuses"—to quote the language of President Hoover—have crept in. The question is whether or not the nation wants beer or whisky or both and what form of distribution it desires. The saloon is universally condemned on one hand, but the drugstore and the speakeasy are patronized. The dries say that any method of retail distribution means a saloon. The wets point to the bootlegger and the gangster. They argue that legalized distribution is the only way to compete with the racketeer and add him to the army of unemployed.

Fundamental changes in constitutional law come slowly. Ten years have demonstrated that even if a majority of the people think prohibition is a good thing, there is a powerful minority which refuses to have its thirst quenched with soft drinks. How to reconcile these points of view occupies the thought of the nation's leaders at a moment when a metamorphosis is going on in our national life.

He who would point the road to tomorrow must retrace the steps of yesterday. The American people are possessed of powers of recuperation and regeneration. They can be balked, stopped, annoyed, and even perplexed for a decade as they readjust themselves slowly to a world convulsed by a colossal war, with political, social and economic effects never envisioned ten years ago. But while the paths of post-war achievement have not been strewn with roses or uninterrupted prosperity, they have yielded a measure of material reward far greater than that given to any other people in the world. The tax budget has been lightened; the cost of living has been gradually reduced, and the thrifty citizen who deposited his savings periodically views the future with serenity and confidence.

Co-operation with industry is the dominant characteristic today of government. It may be criticized by those who are short-sighted, who see only paternalism or interference or meddling, but co-operation is basic in the life we live—and we need only to find the facts to recognize the utility of that point of view.

Business is in a state of flux now, because it is really adjusting itself to new conditions, not only in our country, but throughout the world. How natural it is to have a disturbance of economic equilibrium when the factors are world-wide! We used to think of ourselves in terms of local units. Now, to get a perspective of business, we must look around the globe;





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we must look to the source of raw materials and the cost of transporting them to the plant; we must look at the labor conditions all over the world as well as the credit conditions; we must look at the opportunities for export of various countries and therefore as we enter a period of adjustment we must think of it as not merely an adjustment within industries, where the principle of merger may be in operation—but adjustment between industries where there is a competition for new markets, or a competition, rather, between industries for the consumers' dollar, of which there has been a great deal lately, particularly since the growth of these great businesses and services. And also, we must observe the adjustment between industries in another sense: the relationship of supply and demand, of employment and non-employment.

Adjustment within our own country we can understand, because it is here. We don't always understand adjustment between countries, between nations, between economic units, between economic areas. And the time will come when we will study economic geography with a better idea of what is going on in this world than by studying political geography.

There is a tendency to regard what the government says about these many things as academic. In the last twenty years I have observed the curve of interest in government affairs growing. There has been albeit a growth of cynicism and a lack of sympathy—a tendency to ridicule frequently this great institution which is after all the creature of the people. It is no empty political epigram to say that the government was made for the people or by the people. The government was made to promote the economic as well as the social welfare of the country and political administrators today are more than ever accepting the responsibility, because the people have taken it upon themselves to hold them accountable for their economic progress. This obliges government to co-operate as much as it does to regulate; this brings the function of co-operation out most conspicuously as the real purpose of government, not as a secondary purpose, though of course regulation and supervision are necessary to protect the individual against abuse of power by combinations or by those who because of arrogance or their accumulation of power are inclined to defy the rules of fair play. As a whole, the government is increasing its co-operative power. It has recognized that it must take responsibility for adjustment insofar as it can, and so it does two things: it consults with industries, advises with industries, helps to co-ordinate within industries, and it does a greater thing, it endeavors to be a source of reliable information.

The greatest function of government is to provide disinterested information and more than ever we are going to be obliged to go to the government for basic facts. We will have to be national in our viewpoint and international, too. For the road from yesterday leads to a new world of tomorrow in which survival of the fittest will mean the survival of the intelligent—those who know how to use facts.



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## Keeping Step

(Continued from page 31)

Post's drums and the calls of its bugles were heard throughout the country. When the Vermont slate producers sought the best means of telling the rest of the United States about slate, they put on a series of radio programs through Station WGY of Schenectady, New York. Fair Haven Post's drum corps did the heavy work on the air in these programs.

### Flags at Boston

MORE American flags and more post and department banners of The American Legion than have ever been seen before at any time or place. This is Boston's hope for the Legion's national convention parade. To make it come to pass, the Boston convention committee has announced that post and department flag bearers won't have to transport to Boston the poles on which flags and banners are carried. "Leave the poles behind," bulletins Carroll J. Swan, president of the convention corporation. "Fold up your colors, put them in the old kitbag and unfurl them when you get to Boston on poles we have arranged to provide at a cost of about twenty-five cents."

### The Roll Call

CHICAGO Medical Post, which is the pivotal unit in the Illinois Department's emergency rescue and relief system, is headed by a Post Commander to whom catastrophic fires, earthquakes and tornadoes are mere incidents in a lifetime of strife and romance. He is Dr. Patrick Joseph Hoshie Farrell, whose article, "The Surgeon's Share in Lengthening the Life Line," appears in this issue. Dr. Farrell won note by his work at the time of the Iroquois Theater fire in Chicago and when he led a Chicago relief expedition to San Francisco by special train following the earthquake and fire. In 1925 Dr. Farrell was head of the Chicago expedition, composed chiefly of members of Chicago Medical Post and the Chicago nurses' post, which carried help to the chain of tornado-stricken cities in southern Illinois.

Commodore Herbert Hartley is a member of United States Lines Post in New York City. Frank E. Samuel, Assistant National Adjutant, is a member of Capitol Post of Topeka, Kansas.

RIGHT GUIDE

## Trifles Light as Air

(Continued from page 23)

days spectators were not compelled to sit in the stands—often there were no stands in which to sit, so they paraded up and down the side lines. But the order was excellent and the game as good as the order, as the score of 6-6, late in the second half, will testify.

With the ball on our thirty yard line, the Commodore captain, Phil Connell, gets ready to try a goal from the field; he was good. However, I felt no alarm as I saw he wasn't back far enough, and I had a powerful set of forwards who knew how to charge.

But imagine my horror to note that, just as the ball was snapped back to Connell, my forwards all stopped short in their charge, drew back and relaxed utterly. Not so Connell. Unrushed and unhampered he took the ball, took all the time he wanted and then took the game by neatly booting the ball over.

"Goal!" announced the referee, whereupon my captain, Walter Shafer, cried, "What! Why, how can it be a goal, Mr. Referee, when you blew your whistle?" "Not guilty," says the referee. "I heard a whistle blow all right, but I never blew mine."

Investigation disclosed that a kid on the side line had blown a cheap toy whistle just as the ball was snapped, and hearing this was what had caused my men to desist in their charge.

Lost by a nod. Oh, yes, I mustn't forget that weird field goal happening down in the Southwest, in 1923, when Baylor

lost a game she almost surely would have won from the University of Texas but for—well, well, in a minute. Say, it was almost the toughest case of rough luck of which I ever heard.

The game was scurrying through the fourth quarter and each team had amassed a total of seven points. Eckardt now gets off a fine punt for Texas, which Coffey, 134-pound quarter for Baylor, gathers in on his own 15-yard line. Unleashing a dazzlingly brilliant run of 65 yards through a milling bunch of Steers, Coffey takes the ball to Texas' 20-yard line, where he is felled by a teeth-chattering tackle of big Joe Ward. Coffey is so badly jarred he has to leave the game.

Coach Bridges, of Baylor, decides his team has no chance to score a touchdown with Coffey out, so he sends in an almost sure place-kicker, "Ping" Collier, to try a goal from the field.

As Collier came on, fullback Pittman—fearful that Ping might forget himself and speak to some Baylorite before the first play (after his entrance) should be completed—gave the new man emphatic warning by saying: "For God's sake, Ping, don't say a word."

The two teams lined up, with Ping some 8 yards back of the ball and Pittman down on one knee, ready to take the snap from the Baylor center and hold the ball for the try. With everybody set Pittman looked up at Collier and said:

"Ping, I'm goin' to place the ball right there."



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To indicate that he understood Ping nodded his head, and that nod proved his and his team's undoing, for the Head Linesman ruled that this nod constituted "communicating" within the meaning of the rule. He insisted on the referee penalizing Baylor 15 yards for such communication, which was done.

This penalty about broke Collier's heart. Again he took position, standing now nearly 40 yards from Texas' cross bar. On his boot the ball missed the bar by inches only, falling just a trifle short.

I wonder what that official would have ruled it had Ping winked, wiggled his little finger or shifted his chewing gum.

And there was the time my Oberlin team tried a goal from the field against Michigan many years ago. It promised to make good till a snowball, thrown by a kid on the side line, collided with the ball and deflected it.

But I have a more stirring tale than that, albeit one not pleasant to contemplate. You see, the kind of breaks I've been describing belong, more or less, in the game, but here's one not properly in football.

This clever but very unsportsmanly trick was pulled in a game played in the far South and only last year. I could give the names of the teams and the city in which the game was played, but as neither players, coaches nor officials were in any way to blame for the occurrence I see no good reason why their names should be rung in.

First let's get the situation straight and clear. It is A's ball, first down on, about, B's 10-yard line, and with but a few minutes left to play. That reads well for A, but the score stands 6-0 in favor of B.

As assistants on the 10-yard stakes, the Head Linesman has one alumnus from A college and one from B college; the B alumnus has charge of the forward pole which is very close to B's goal line.

In three fierce assaults the A backs annex a good nine yards. Can they now put it over on the one remaining down? If so they may also score on the extra-point-try, and so win the game by 7-6. It is, truly, a crucial moment.

There they go! The two lines come together with shocking impact and surge straight up, with the A ball carrier riding the top of the wave. One instant of supreme suspense, the wave flops and the ball—is in there somewhere. Is it over? Many spectators clearly think so; but perhaps they judge partly from the deliriously joyous antics of the A alumnus, assistant linesman. As the last assault reaches its height this chap tosses his hat to the breezes, slams down his stake and cavorts about like a wild jackass.

The referee untangles the heap, measures and sights, and judicially declares that the ball lacks one inch of a touchdown.

"O.K." says the A captain in a tone which implies perfect confidence that his team will put the ball over on the next play. As an afterthought he asks:

"But it's first down, isn't it, Mr. Referee?"

"Why, I guess so," replied that official, and he looks toward the side line to check up by the poles. (Continued on page 57)



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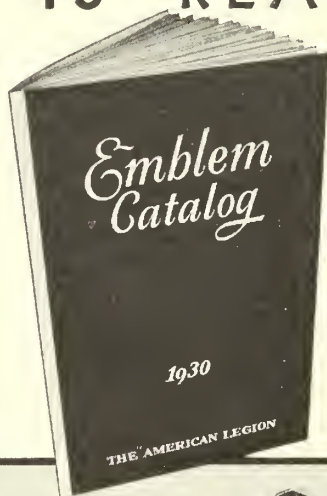


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## Trifles Light as Air

(Continued from page 55)

To his surprise but one pole is upstanding—and that one seems set just beyond B's goal line.

Then ensues the durndest powwow ever heard on any field. All the officials, it develops, were of OPINION that just before the last play started the forward pole stood a few inches short of B's goal line, but none would swear to it.

The A poleman swears vociferously that just before the last play started his rear pole was fully six inches short of B team's 10-yard line. With the connecting chain just 10 yards long this, if true, meant that B's pole must have been the same distance short of the goal line. The A poleman doesn't hesitate to accuse the B poleman of having set his stake further forward the instant that the former dropped his own pole.

The B poleman makes one dignified denial, then becomes interested in the feather design of the cirrus clouds. He needs to say no more, his attitude proclaims; his pole speaks for itself.

The referee is puzzled. He rules out A's testimony; the latter has no standing in court—he forfeited that when he relinquished his pole.

The Head Linesman admits he was so interested in the play that he failed to keep an eye on just what his assistants were doing while the play was on. He admits the stakes could have been moved without his being the wiser, but of course he had depended on the A and B polemen to watch and check each other.

What can the referee rule? He has already ruled the ball failed to scar the goal line, and if that is correct of course it failed to reach the forward pole set beyond the goal line. Reluctantly he announces, "Ball goes over," and A's fine chance has gone glimmering.

"Lost by an alumnus," will do very well. And moral—"don't have them."

This game may be said to have been lost through the seemingly trifling act of an outsider. Now I bring to your attention a game almost lost because of something an outsider should have done but did not do—an act equally trifling in its size if not in its nature.

"Rusty" Yarnall, coach of Lowell Textile, is the man who contributes this entertaining yarn. He relates that in 1928 his team was playing Rhode Island College and that up to the third quarter the game was close and might go either way. His team had the ball in its own territory and his quarterback, Alland, essayed a forward pass to halfback Niles.

The latter gathered in the pass O.K. and by the help of good interference, and some high grade high stepping of his own, he got clear of opponents and seemed headed for a sure touchdown. On Rhode Island's 15-yard line, however, Niles could not resist the temptation to look back and see how closely he was being pursued. That act proved his utter undoing, for the very instant he turned his head his legs went out from under him

as though shot off, and, with no one touching him, down he came like a plummet. So surprised was Niles he couldn't even attempt to arise before two opponents had come up and pounced upon him.

"What—what happened?" Niles dizzily inquired. "Who cut me down?"

The players of both teams were laughing so they could hardly speak, but one of them directed Niles' gaze to an abrupt, turf-covered mound close at hand. This sudden riser had tripped him as neatly as a tightly-stretched rope could have done. The groundkeeper should have shaved this mound off before football began, but he forgot to do it.

Lowell finally won the game, 21-0, with a "put-out," unassisted, by A PITCHER'S MOUND.

The year before Niles "fell down" as a mountain-climber, a certain other highly talented athlete failed to score a touchdown in a good game for a reason simpler still: you'd never guess it. The player was Josiah Potter, of Milwaukee, and the game was between Harvard and Purdue, in Cambridge.

Potter was a soph, and but 17 years old. But he had size, speed, strength, ambition and athletic instinct. He had never played football but, noting his abilities as a hurdler, his classmates finally succeeded in getting him out for football. At once he astounded the Harvard coaches with his natural punting and passing ability. So they tried him out one Saturday in an easy game and they promptly decided Jo wasn't a bad looking fullback.

The very next Saturday found the regular fullback laid up. Of the subs Jo was easily the best punter and passer, so they put him in to start the game. Things broke nicely for Harvard, and Potter himself made several fair gains through the Boilermakers' line.

In the second quarter Jo's signal came again. He took the snap and headed for the space between his right tackle and guard. But here he found no opening whatever, while just outside the tackle he espied a tremendous gap. Jo took it like a hungry trout snapping up a golden fly and, in a flash, he sped down the right side of the field for forty yards with no opponent even near him till he was within a few strides of Purdue's goal line.

At this spot the Purdue safety was rapidly approaching Jo from his left, but all he had to do was to swerve slightly to his right and keep on going to outstrip the safety and score a touchdown. Does Jo do that? He does not. Instead he seems to halt, to hesitate, to turn slightly leftward and to fiddle ridiculously in what appears to be an awkward attempt to dodge to the left of the Purdue safety. Other Purdue players are on hand in an instant and Jo seems to see the futility of trying to get through them, so he meticulously places the ball to the ground on (Continued on page 58)

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## Trifles Light as Air

(Continued from page 57)

one end and sits down upon the other. Here come streaming his team mates and the officials. His captain reaches him first. Greetings!

"My God, Jo, what's the matter?"

"Nothing much—why?"

"Why?" Holy catfish, what're you sittin' there for? Why didn't you tear over for a touchdown?"

"Touchdown, your Granny," mutters Potter. "Didn't I try to dodge him? Well, before I could do it the rest of these buzzards came up and got between me and the goal posts."

"Goal posts!" snorts the captain. "What in Halifax have they got to do with it? Why didn't you keep on to the right and outrun that shrimp?"

"To the right," parrots Jo; "why, you have to go between the goal posts to make a touchdown, don't you?"

And then two trainers, four officials and 21 players went crazy with mirth; Jo was the only sane one left.

But even more mystifying than the puzzling behavior of Jo Potter when confronted by a situation wholly new to him, was the unfathomable conduct of a hitherto unsung hero of the Middle West, back in 1914.

Tom Sebring, the old Kansas Aggie star, later coach at Florida and now a successful attorney of Jacksonville, is responsible for this tale, and though "it's a bird" I'll vouch for Tom's general veracity. Anyway, Tom claims he attended the game and saw the play.

It appears that the Kansas City Normal College and the Kansas City Vets were to settle it on the gridiron; but, for numerous non-pertinent reasons, the manager of the Vets could muster the sum total of but ten players on the significant afternoon. On the way out to the field, however, he heard of a half-back who was said to be connected with a local team of town boys and who was touted as a ball lugger extraordinary.

Strange to say, it further appeared that the unknown prodigy was a kind of harmless half-wit. But that was all right with the manager, just so the fellow could go to places with a football and not unduly emphasize the idea of bigger and better murders on his way. So the manager flew around, dug up the nit-wit, hustled him into a uniform, gave him his own signal and the game was on.

Well, the strange Vet might be lacking in gray matter and pregnant remarks, but he certainly could give exhibitions of foot work and leg action of which any jackrabbit might well have been proud; he was about the only Vet that could gain ground at all.

With the score standing 0-0 and the game about half over, the "ringer's" signal was again called. He took the ball, ran, shied, doubled back, ran again, dodged a few more tacklers and, while doing so, became turned around and now ran 51 yards in the wrong direction, crossed his own goal line, never halted

but swirled about, dodged, and then ran some more—110 yards more, in fact, crossed Normal's goal line, touched the ball down for a 100 percent touchdown, looked up and saw a score of wild-eyed players tearing down upon him, threw the ball back at them, ran for the nearest fence, leaped it and kept on going—to return no more. But it was a touchdown.

"Won and lost by a lunatic," was what Tom called it. And still they say it takes brains to play football.

Well, it does take brains to play tip top football, and a heart, too. Along with both commodities Hunter Carpenter utilized muscles of brass, speed of the impalla and the explosiveness of lyddite.

Ten backs in the whole history of American football may have been better men with the ball than Hunter, but no more—and ten's an outside figure.

Many folks have never heard of Hunter, but that's not my fault—nor was it his. Anybody that ever saw him play will back up my estimate of him wholeheartedly. Oh, I could tell you wondrous tales of his mighty deeds, but today I can relate but one.

For five years Carpenter played half-back on the Va. Poly. Institute's team, of Blacksburg, Virginia, 1899-1903. And, man, HOW he played! Yet not once in those five years could V. P. I. win from the University at Charlottesville. Nothing in all of life appeared one-half so desirable to Hunter as a football victory over the Cavaliers.

Neither could the University of North Carolina do much with Virginia in those days; but in the fall of 1904 Carolina's prospects appeared about the rosier than any team south of the Mason and Dixon line had ever known. Hunter heard about them, and in a jiffy his mind was made up; he would enroll at Chapel Hill.

There was no flaw in the plan for, in those days, there were no migratory rules governing college athletes nor the number of years they could play. All one had to do was to show the registrar enough credits to get in, plank down the entrance fee and hang his hat on the ceiling. Carpenter did all three.

We have time for but one game—THE game—the Tar Heels vs. the Cavaliers, in Richmond, on Thanksgiving Day. Hunter Carpenter played like a madman and, almost single-handed, scored two touchdowns. Up to within a few minutes of the game's end the score stood 11-0 in favor of the Carolinians. With three minutes left to play Destiny stepped in as twelfth man for Virginia.

Carolina's left end was hurt and had to retire. His substitute proved frightfully weak and Virginia ran two touchdowns around him. The score was tied, 11-11.

It was apparent to all that Carolina's morale was shot to flinders. The heads of ten of them hung in bewilderment and shame. But the eleventh man stood like Thomas at Chickamauga. How he raved and stormed at his mates.



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## "ELASTEX" LITTLE CORPORAL Belt

Following Virginia's second touchdown the two teams lined up for Virginia's try at goal. All Carolina hearts had despaired save one, save one all Tar Heel tongues were silent; that one pleaded and prayed and cursed. In trumpet tones Carpenter exhorted and begged his mates to stick in the game, promising that if they would but block this kick and leave the score a tie he would himself take the ball to a third touchdown on the ensuing kick off.

At last his matchless spirit communicates itself to them, for who could fail to follow where such a soul courageous so gloriously led. Every manjack nerves himself to the effort of his life, and especially big Weber, at left tackle, who would have died for Carpenter any day—and what time so fit as now?

Carpenter himself takes station, to charge, on the right side of the line. With careful eye the Virginia kicker notes his exact whereabouts and decides to aim his kick away from that wildman.

The Cavalier center shoots the ball back, their quarter catches it, places it quickly, a foot crashes into it and the ball departs heading slightly to the right. But it's low—surely too low to clear the bar even though high enough to clear the two rush lines. Ha! Saved! But lo—as the ball floats a yard over Weber's head the charging tackle leaps frantically upward with upraised arm and hand. His extended middle finger tips the under side of the ball, and the contact is just enough to cause the ball to give an upward bound and, by the Great Horn Spoon, it floats over the bar. The score is 12-11 in Virginia's favor, and there the game ends a couple of moments later.

Had Weber not charged at all the ball would have passed beneath the bar; had Carpenter not been the lion heart he was, not been so vehement, had he said nothing—Weber would not have tried so hard to spoil the kick. Trifles light as air!

The next year Carpenter re-entered V. P. I. and helped his first love to win their first game from Virginia, 18-0. That night he turned in a tattered uniform, never to don another.

## Then and Now

(Continued from page 33)

knowledge, until a letter came from B. Vincent Imbrie, Legionnaire of East Liberty Post of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. Can anyone answer the query as Imbrie propounds it:

"I wonder if any of the readers of your column could locate for me the origin of the saying, 'Heaven, Hell or Hoboken by Christmas.'

"I note that Hoyt's encyclopedia attributes it to General Pershing as of 1918, but I doubt whether this be the proper origin."

Several claims crediting outstanding quotations to the general—principally the "Lafayette, we are here!" expression—have been exploded, with the general's full approval. Now we wonder if anyone can give authen- (Continued on page 60)



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"\$158 a month, and I can work it up to \$2,700 a year without 'pull' or 'boot-licking.' You don't need to curry favor with anybody to get ahead in a government position."

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## "Vacations with pay

"15 days every year. And besides, after six days on my run, I'm off the next six, and can go fishing. My pay goes right on. Show me any other job where I can do that!"

## "Patterson helped me to get it and will help you too!

"Listen, buddies! If you're tired of always looking for jobs, if you're plum sick of living on your bank book (like I was) write to Arthur R. Patterson, Civil Service Expert, and ask him to send you his 32 page book. He is the fellow that helped me get my berth."

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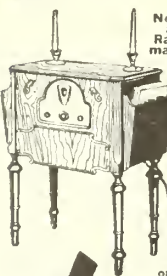
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now for FREE outfit. Dept. G10

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*Then and Now*  
(Continued from page 59)

tic information regarding the slogan  
about which Imbrie writes. Perhaps, like  
Topsy, it just grew and its source can  
be pinned to no one individual.

**E**ITHER times aren't as hard as the  
general public is led to believe or  
else veterans are swayed more by senti-  
ment than by the all-mighty dollar. We  
reach this conclusion as a result of a no-  
tice included in these columns in the  
August Monthly to the effect that a  
limited number of the bound volumes of  
reprints of the overseas *Stars and Stripes*  
would be repurchased if in first class con-  
dition, at the same price for which they  
were sold. The purpose was to make  
available these reprints to some Legion-  
naires who placed orders after the supply  
was exhausted. The offer still stands.

Only four men stepped forward to take  
advantage of the offer. Many, however,  
who had available a limited number of  
copies of original editions were interested  
in knowing where they could dispose of  
them. We know of only a few persons  
who are endeavoring to complete files of  
originals and there is no set price for  
original copies. Our statement that col-  
lectors are offering interesting prices for  
originals was too broad—what we meant  
to convey was the fact that several com-  
plete files of original editions had com-  
manded quite a good deal more than their  
first cost.

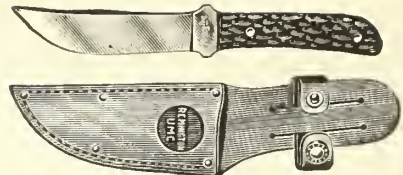
**W**HAT more natural than that the  
Yankee Division veterans join the  
host of World War outfits which will hold  
reunions in conjunction with the Legion  
national convention in Boston, October  
sixth to ninth? That New England area  
is where the 26th Division had its being  
and where it returned after its splendid  
record overseas.

The YD's are rather late in making  
their announcement, but here it is:

"Twenty-sixth (Yankee) Division:  
Each regiment or independent battalion  
of the division will hold a reunion in  
Boston on Tuesday, October 7. Brigadier  
General Charles H. Cole, chairman.  
Every YD man attending the Legion na-  
tional convention is urged to register at  
the YD Memorial Clubhouse, 200 Hunt-  
ington Avenue, Boston."

The following list contains a few addi-  
tional last-minute announcements of re-  
unions to be held in conjunction with the  
Legion convention. Particulars may be  
obtained from the person whose name  
and address are shown. If your outfit is  
not listed, refer to your August and Sep-  
tember issues of the Monthly.

101st INF., 26th DIV.—George R. Roberts,  
110 Orchard St., Newton Centre, Mass.  
102d INF., 26th DIV.—Evening Oct. 7th. A. R.  
Teta, P. O. Box 1826, New Haven, Conn.  
101st SAN. TRN., 26th DIV.—Oct. 7. Joseph  
J. Carty, 30 Franklin St., Boston.  
HQ. TROOP, 26th DIV.—Engineers Club, Boston,  
Oct. 7. Frank G. Haley, 60 Congress St.,  
Boston.  
HQ. Co., 303d INF., 19th Co., 5th BN., 151st  
DEPT BRIG., AND 3d BN., 325th INF.—D. W.  
Delancy, Bay State bldg., Lawrence, Mass.  
38th P. A.—Col. Julian I. Chamberlain, 121  
Beacon St., Boston.



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30x3 1/2	\$2.40	28x4 1/2	\$2.55
30x3 1/2	\$2.45	28x4 1/2	\$2.60
30x3 1/2	\$2.50	28x4 1/2	\$2.65
30x3 1/2	\$2.55	28x4 1/2	\$2.70
30x3 1/2	\$2.60	28x4 1/2	\$2.75
30x3 1/2	\$2.65	28x4 1/2	\$2.80
30x3 1/2	\$2.70	28x4 1/2	\$2.85
30x3 1/2	\$2.75	28x4 1/2	\$2.90
30x3 1/2	\$2.80	28x4 1/2	\$2.95
30x3 1/2	\$2.85	28x4 1/2	\$3.00
30x3 1/2	\$2.90	28x4 1/2	\$3.05
30x3 1/2	\$2.95	28x4 1/2	\$3.10
30x3 1/2	\$3.00	28x4 1/2	\$3.15
30x3 1/2	\$3.05	28x4 1/2	\$3.20
30x3 1/2	\$3.10	28x4 1/2	\$3.25
30x3 1/2	\$3.15	28x4 1/2	\$3.30
30x3 1/2	\$3.20	28x4 1/2	\$3.35
30x3 1/2	\$3.25	28x4 1/2	\$3.40
30x3 1/2	\$3.30	28x4 1/2	\$3.45
30x3 1/2	\$3.35	28x4 1/2	\$3.50
30x3 1/2	\$3.40	28x4 1/2	\$3.55
30x3 1/2	\$3.45	28x4 1/2	\$3.60
30x3 1/2	\$3.50	28x4 1/2	\$3.65
30x3 1/2	\$3.55	28x4 1/2	\$3.70
30x3 1/2	\$3.60	28x4 1/2	\$3.75
30x3 1/2	\$3.65	28x4 1/2	\$3.80
30x3 1/2	\$3.70	28x4 1/2	\$3.85
30x3 1/2	\$3.75	28x4 1/2	\$3.90
30x3 1/2	\$3.80	28x4 1/2	\$3.95
30x3 1/2	\$3.85	28x4 1/2	\$4.00
30x3 1/2	\$3.90	28x4 1/2	\$4.05
30x3 1/2	\$3.95	28x4 1/2	\$4.10
30x3 1/2	\$4.00	28x4 1/2	\$4.15
30x3 1/2	\$4.05	28x4 1/2	\$4.20
30x3 1/2	\$4.10	28x4 1/2	\$4.25
30x3 1/2	\$4.15	28x4 1/2	\$4.30
30x3 1/2	\$4.20	28x4 1/2	\$4.35
30x3 1/2	\$4.25	28x4 1/2	\$4.40
30x3 1/2	\$4.30	28x4 1/2	\$4.45
30x3 1/2	\$4.35	28x4 1/2	\$4.50
30x3 1/2	\$4.40	28x4 1/2	\$4.55
30x3 1/2	\$4.45	28x4 1/2	\$4.60
30x3 1/2	\$4.50	28x4 1/2	\$4.65
30x3 1/2	\$4.55	28x4 1/2	\$4.70
30x3 1/2	\$4.60	28x4 1/2	\$4.75
30x3 1/2	\$4.65	28x4 1/2	\$4.80
30x3 1/2	\$4.70	28x4 1/2	\$4.85
30x3 1/2	\$4.75	28x4 1/2	\$4.90
30x3 1/2	\$4.80	28x4 1/2	\$4.95
30x3 1/2	\$4.85	28x4 1/2	\$5.00
30x3 1/2	\$4.90	28x4 1/2	\$5.05
30x3 1/2	\$4.95	28x4 1/2	\$5.10
30x3 1/2	\$5.00	28x4 1/2	\$5.15
30x3 1/2	\$5.05	28x4 1/2	\$5.20
30x3 1/2	\$5.10	28x4 1/2	\$5.25
30x3 1/2	\$5.15	28x4 1/2	\$5.30
30x3 1/2	\$5.20	28x4 1/2	\$5.35
30x3 1/2	\$5.25	28x4 1/2	\$5.40
30x3 1/2	\$5.30	28x4 1/2	\$5.45
30x3 1/2	\$5.35	28x4 1/2	\$5.50
30x3 1/2	\$5.40	28x4 1/2	\$5.55
30x3 1/2	\$5.45	28x4 1/2	\$5.60
30x3 1/2	\$5.50	28x4 1/2	\$5.65
30x3 1/2	\$5.55	28x4 1/2	\$5.70
30x3 1/2	\$5.60	28x4 1/2	\$5.75
30x3 1/2	\$5.65	28x4 1/2	\$5.80
30x3 1/2	\$5.70	28x4 1/2	\$5.85
30x3 1/2	\$5.75	28x4 1/2	\$5.90
30x3 1/2	\$5.80	28x4 1/2	\$5.95
30x3 1/2	\$5.85	28x4 1/2	\$6.00
30x3 1/2	\$5.90	28x4 1/2	\$6.05
30x3 1/2	\$5.95	28x4 1/2	\$6.10
30x3 1/2	\$6.00	28x4 1/2	\$6.15
30x3 1/2	\$6.05	28x4 1/2	\$6.20
30x3 1/2	\$6.10	28x4 1/2	\$6.25
30x3 1/2	\$6.15	28x4 1/2	\$6.30
30x3 1/2	\$6.20	28x4 1/2	\$6.35
30x3 1/2	\$6.25	28x4 1/2	\$6.40
30x3 1/2	\$6.30	28x4 1/2	\$6.45
30x3 1/2	\$6.35	28x4 1/2	\$6.50
30x3 1/2	\$6.40	28x4 1/2	\$6.55
30x3 1/2	\$6.45	28x4 1/2	\$6.60
30x3 1/2	\$6.50	28x4 1/2	\$6.65
30x3 1/2	\$6.55	28x4 1/2	\$6.70
30x3 1/2	\$6.60	28x4 1/2	\$6.75
30x3 1/2	\$6.65	28x4 1/2	\$6.80
30x3 1/2	\$6.70	28x4 1/2	\$6.85
30x3 1/2	\$6.75	28x4 1/2	\$6.90
30x3 1/2	\$6.80	28x4 1/2	\$6.95
30x3 1/2	\$6.85	28x4 1/2	\$7.00
30x3 1/2	\$6.90	28x4 1/2	\$7.05
30x3 1/2	\$6.95	28x4 1/2	\$7.10
30x3 1/2	\$7.00	28x4 1/2	\$7.15
30x3 1/2	\$7.05	28x4 1/2	\$7.20
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30x3 1/2	\$7.25	28x4 1/2	\$7.40
30x3 1/2	\$7.30	28x4 1/2	\$7.45
30x3 1/2	\$7.35	28x4 1/2	\$7.50
30x3 1/2	\$7.40	28x4 1/2	\$7.55
30x3 1/2	\$7.45	28x4 1/2	\$7.60
30x3 1/2	\$7.50	28x4 1/2	\$7.65
30x3 1/2	\$7.55	28x4 1/2	\$7.70
30x3 1/2	\$7.60	28x4 1/2	\$7.75
30x3 1/2	\$7.65	28x4 1/2	\$7.80
30x3 1/2	\$7.70	28x4 1/2	\$7.85
30x3 1/2	\$7.75	28x4 1/2	\$7.90
30x3 1/2	\$7.80	28x4 1/2	\$7.95
30x3 1/2	\$7.85	28x4 1/2	\$8.00
30x3 1/2	\$7.90	28x4 1/2	\$8.05
30x3 1/2	\$7.95	28x4 1/2	\$8.10
30x3 1/2	\$8.00	28x4 1/2	\$8.15
30x3 1/2	\$8.05	28x4 1/2	\$8.20
30x3 1/2	\$8.10	28x4 1/2	\$8.25
30x3 1/2	\$8.15	28x4 1/2	\$8.30
30x3 1/2	\$8.20	28x4 1/2	\$8.35
30x3 1/2	\$8.25	28x4 1/2	\$8.40
30x3 1/2	\$8.30	28x4 1/2	\$8.45
30x3 1/2	\$8.35	28x4 1/2	



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Have you wondered how people you know, with large or small incomes no different than yours, seem to have so much more than you? Take diamonds for example. Here's some vital information for you: a 1/2 Century Old House has diamond offers, 60% of market prices.

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Just out—latest thing in home furnishings—handsome colorful Rubber Art Rugs. All the rage! Amazingly easy to clean—no sweeping or beating like ordinary rugs—simply wipe off. Made in blue, green, rosewood, taupe gray with borders of contrasting colors. Very attractive. One outweighs three ordinary rugs. Never looks shabby. Lies flat, will not curl up. Clings to floor—never slips. Soft and easy on the feet. Ideal for Bathroom, Kitchen, Bedroom, Hallways, etc. Women wild about them. Low priced. Sensational money-saving opportunity.

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ALLENTOWN, PA.

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Secret Service Operator No. 38 is on the job! Running down Counterfeit Gang, Tell-tale finger prints in murdered man's room. Thrills, Mystery.

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## NEW MYSTERY INVENTION

Closes Any Door Without SLAM

No longer need anyone tolerate the noisy nerve-wrecking nuisance of slamming, banging doors. Close-A-Door, an astonishing new invention, closes any door and keeps it closed. Shuts it swiftly and securely without noise or jar. Prevents damage to doors—breakage of glass—drafts which endanger health and waste fuel. Creates a furor of interest everywhere.

## EASY MONEY FOR AGENTS

Veteran salesmen are astounded at the ease with which Close-A-Door sells. Prospects galore everywhere! Every home, store, office can use 4 to 8 factories and apartments, by the dozen \$10 to \$25 possible on a single sale! Easy big earnings the year round. Write at once for details.

THE CLOSE-A-DOOR COMPANY  
Dept. M-190, 1531 Washington Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

303D F. A.—Cecil E. Fraser, 60 State st., Boston.

54TH REGT., C. A. C., AND 1ST MAINE, C. A. C.—Dinner, evening Oct. 7th at Posillipo Restaurant, 145 Richmond st., Boston. Licut. Charles E. Washburn, P. O. Box 412, Portland, Maine.

39TH ENGRS. (Hvy. Ry.)—B. E. Ryan, 308 Central st., Elkins, W. Va.

101ST ENGRS., Co. A—Raymond D. Parker, 111 Milk st., Boston.

MOTOR TRUCK CO. 411—Harry L. Russell, 23 Summit ave., Melrose Highlands, Mass.

BASE HOSP. No. 44—The Kenmore Hotel, Boston, Oct. 9. M. Etta Wallace, R. N., 29 Banks st., Somerville, Mass.

EVAC. HOSP. No. 4—George D. Whitmore, 56 Suffolk st., Holyoke, Mass.

EVAC. HOSP. No. 6—Statler Hotel, Boston, Oct. 4-5. H. M. Lockrow, 12 Oakwood pl., Delmar, N. Y.

AMER. RED CROSS HOSP. No. 3, PARIS, AND HOSP. No. 112, PARIS—F. J. Maynard, 338 Schiller ave., Trenton, N. J.

U. S. NAV. BASE No. 6 (erroneously reported Nar. Base HOSP. No. 6)—Frank Rose, 815 E st., S. E., Washington, D. C.

U. S. NAV. RY. BATTERIES IN FRANCE—Tues., Oct. 7th. E. M. Cook, York Harbor, Maine.

NAVY BASE HOSP. No. 1, BREST, FRANCE—Charles E. Davis, Norton, Kans.

YEOMEN (F), U. S. N. R. F.—Banquet at Women's Republican Club, Boston, Oct. 7th. Miss Helen Murray, 134 Boston st., Dorchester, Mass.

ORD. SUPPLY SCHOOL, CAMP HANCOCK, GA., AND UNIVERSITY OF PENN. ORDNANCE COURSE—Anthony O. Shalina, 305 Harvard st., Cambridge, Mass.

77TH DIVISION CLUBHOUSE, 28 East 39th st., New York City, open as meeting place and headquarters for Legionnaires on way to Boston national convention.

## FOLLOWING are additional announcements of reunions and other activities of interest to veterans:

SEVENTH DIV.—Annual reunion Washington, D. C., in Nov. Sgt. Arthur L. Millmore, 163 Seymour ave., Newark, N. J.

SEVENTH DIV. (N. J. CHAPTER)—Reunion at Lt. Leslie J. Rummel Post clubhouse, Newark, N. J., in Oct. Address Arthur L. Millmore, 163 Seymour ave., Newark.

27TH DIV. ASSOC.—Sixth biennial reunion, 71st Regt. Armory, 34th st. and Park ave., New York City, Oct. 18. C. Pemberton Lenart, Capitol P. O. Box 11, Albany, N. Y.

29TH DIV.—Asbury Park, N. J., Oct. 11-13. 29th Div. Assoc. Hq., 160 Van Reipen ave., Jersey City.

77TH DIV.—Former members send name, address and outfit so notices of meetings, reunions, and the Liberty Light Magazine may be sent. Address Secretary, 28 E. 39th st., New York City. History of 77th Division may be purchased from same source for two dollars.

125TH INF.—Detroit, Mich., Oct. 25-26. Edwin H. Herz, 12009 Hamburg ave., Detroit.

137TH INF., Co. K—Reunion Sept. 27-28, Independence, Kans. Former members send present addresses for permanent roster to Harry Ball, Box 481, Independence.

157TH INF.—Denver, Colo., Nov. 11. H. R. Anderson, Julesburg, Colo.

312TH INF.—Every former member requested to send photograph, biography, military record and general information to John H. Laux, c/o Newark Evening News, 215 Market st., Newark, N. J., for proposed regimental history.

104TH INF., Co. E—All former members send photographs, records or diaries for use in company history to Thomas F. Mackey, City Treasurer's Office, Somerville, Mass.

MED. DET. AND CO. D, 110TH INF.—Former members send names to W. T. Smith, 93 Wills rd., Connellsville, Pa., to complete roster.

304TH M. G. BN., Co. B—Proposed reunion. Send names and addresses to J. Albert Gleeson, 368 E. 155th st., New York City.

107TH F. A.—Hunt Armory, Emerson st., East End, Pittsburgh, Pa., Nov. 8-11. George E. Palmer, 6947 Bennett st., Pittsburgh.

146TH F. A. BTRY. F—Spokane, Wash., Nov. 8. L. J. Cramer, 1912 Cannon st., Spokane.

323D L. F. A.—Annual reunion, Broadhead Hotel, Beaver Falls, Pa., Oct. 11. Address Edward D. Ifft, Beaver Falls.

323D F. A. BTRY. E—To complete roster, former members address Theodore A. Hoffman, 50 Iowa st., Oak Park, Ill.

312TH F. S. BN., 87TH DIV.—Report to W. W. Jackson, 1803-17th ave., Meridian, Miss., to complete roster and for information of 1931 reunion at Gulfport, Miss.

103D AMB. Co., 26TH DIV.—Report to H. F. Golden, Plymouth, Mass.

37TH (ELC-MECH.) ENGRS.—Sixth reunion, Pittsburgh, Pa., Nov. 8. John A. Clark, 2712 Perryville ave., N. S., Pittsburgh.

1ST REPLACEMENT REGT. ENGRS., Co. B—Members interested in reunion, address H. C. Bliss, 1237 Rozelle ave., East Cleveland, Ohio.

304TH ENGRS.—Philadelphia, Pa., Nov. 8. George F. Schuck, 5946 Germantown ave., Philadelphia.

(Continued on page 63)

## Hotter than Coal and no dirt



**A New Invention** Do away forever with the crudeness of wood or coal. The most simple and economical invention on the market is now giving perfect satisfaction to enthusiastic users everywhere.

**Burns 96% Air—4% Cheap Oil** The International Oil Burner fits in the fire box of any range, stove or furnace. Installed in a few minutes. No noisy motor or complicated parts.

**Costs Only a Few Dollars** Heats just as well as a \$100 or \$500 oil burner without electricity or gas. Simply turn one valve and you have all the heat you want. Cleaner and better for heating and cooking. Approved by National Underwriters' Laboratories and engineers everywhere. Over 100,000 in use.

## 30 Days FREE Trial Offer

Try this wonderful burner right in your own home at our risk. Act quickly and get our special low introductory price. Sold under absolute money-back guarantee. Write at once for free booklet on home heating and free burner offer.

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Send your free booklet and free details on home heating for stove ☐ furnace ☐ Also free burner offer.

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WRITE FOR  
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ALUMINUM HELMETS  
POLISHED OR ANY COLOR  
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Lacey & Lacey, 635 F St., N. W. Dept. 8  
Wash., D. C. Estab. 1869  
Numerous Legionnaire References



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**CIGARS**  
**100 OLD TIMERS**  
 A QUALITY CIGAR  
**\$2.90**  
 Our Cigars Are Not Manila  
**THIS IS YOUR PARTY... AND OUR TREAT**  
 Cigar Taste... Cigar Enjoyment... Cigar Quality... all in a Spitzer Cigar. Old Timers Perfectos are a mild aromatic five inch Perfecto, made of fine domestic tobacco.  
**FREE**  
 SAMPLE CASE  
 WITH 12 OF OUR OTHER BRANDS  
 Only One Sample Case to a Customer  
 How Do We Do It?  
 You, too, will ask yourself this question. Well, here's the answer—it is our method in soliciting your business and have you become acquainted with buying direct from us at factory prices at tremendous savings. We do not advertise to fool you as it is expensive, but look forward to having you become our steady customer. There's a treat waiting for you, so send us your order today accompanied by check, money order or pay postman on arrival. State mild, medium or strong. We guarantee satisfaction or money refunded. Sending charges paid by us. References any bank in U. S.  
**THE OLD RELIABLE CIGAR HOUSE SINCE 1914**  
**H. SPITZER.,**  
**32 UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK.**

## AGENTS \$6 A DAY

Here's a wonderful chance to make \$6 a day taking orders for No-Frost—the amazing new preparation that keeps rain, snow, frost, mist and steam off auto windshields, show windows, mirrors, etc. A sensation everywhere. No hunting for prospects. Auto owners, bus drivers, store-keepers, housewives buy on sight. Big profits. Steady repeat business.

### \$110 PROFIT A WEEK

No-Frost is only one of our 350 profitable Household Necessities in big demand everywhere. With this fast-selling line, Korenblit made \$110 a week. Hail made \$24 first day—Mrs. Hackett, \$33 in 7 hours. This shows the unusual possibilities. No capital or experience needed. Earnings start at once. Write quick for Profit-Sharing Offer.

**American Products Co.,**  
 6032 Monmouth Ave., Cincinnati, O.

**Sell "BONDED" SHIRTS**  
**NEW TREMENDOUS DEMAND**  
 Responsible Mfr Guarantees New Shirts for every one that Shrinks or Fades. Selling like Wildfire. Biggest Profits! Complete line includes Neckwear, Hosiery, Underwear and Jackets. Write  
**Dept. BONDED SHIRT COMPANY**  
**R-7 81 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK**  
**WRITE TO-DAY for FREE SAMPLE OUTFIT**

## MAKE BIG MONEY QUICK

Everyone buys **Christmas Cards**. Sell our Box Assortment of 21 magnificent Christmas Greeting Cards and Folders. Sells for \$1.00 — Costs you 50c. **WE PAY ALL SHIPPING CHARGES**. The value is so great that they sell on sight. No experience necessary. Deming, Mass., made \$925. Meadows of Texas made \$750. If you want to make money write immediately for full particulars and **free samples**.  
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 The latest in Radio... new 1931 Screen Grid Humless All-Electric Sets, remote control, public address, phono-combinations... all dynamic speaker equipped. Also battery operated sets. Beautiful consoles. Accessories, parts, kits, electric appliances, etc. Send for this 168-page FREE book today!

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# THE UNFINISHED BATTLE

SEE your Post Service Officer for detailed information on any of the subjects relating to rights or benefits covered in this department. If he cannot answer your question, your Department Service Officer can write to your Department Service Officer or to the Regional Office of the Veterans Bureau in your State on matters connected with uncomplicated claims or routine activities. If unable to obtain service locally or in your State, address communications to National Rehabilitation Committee, The American Legion, 710 Bond Building, Washington, D.C.

THE law enacted by Congress authorizing payment of disability allowances to disabled American service men unable to prove service origin of their disabilities is in line with European legislation for veterans, according to a letter written by S. P. Bailey of Paris, chairman of the American delegation to Fidac's executive committee, to Julius I. Peyser of Washington, D. C., American vice-president of Fidac.

"In Belgium, ex-service men have obtained what is known as a sliding pension," writes Mr. Bailey. "This keeps step with the varying cost of living. They have also obtained a regular yearly pension for each six months' service at the front, payable also to dependents of deceased men. In the majority of the towns and cities of Belgium, the national flag is flown at half mast during funeral ceremonies for veterans. At all national celebrations a percentage of places of honor are reserved for service men."

"In France, service men have obtained legislation granting all service men of the World War a pension after the age of 50, increasing at the age of 55. The French Government has issued to all service men who had at least three months' service with a combat division an ex-service man's card. This entitles the holder to many privileges. Wounded service men are granted reduced fare on railways, boats, street cars, subways and buses, and seats are reserved especially for them. All civil posts are filled by preference with service men and the Government urges industry to give preference to them and their dependents. The French Government co-operates with service men's associations in maintaining relief funds, contributing one-fourth of the amounts raised by the associations for these funds."

"Italy has also shown its gratitude to the veteran. Pensions are low, due to Italy's financial plight, but other advantages more than compensate for the low rates. For instance, any service man who saw active service can ask for and receive an apartment, house or a home at a reasonably low price, the Government acting as landlord. The Government has established a fund for service men who are farmers, artisans and professional men. It has also established free medical dispensaries, clinics and convalescent camps for ailing service men. This rule also prevails in Italy: 'No person who did not actively serve his country during the war shall be appointed or designated to represent his country in any capacity, such as ambassador, consul or attache, in time of peace.'

"In Poland through the intervention of service men's associations the Government recently instituted a form of governmental insurance which for a small premium enables the service man to look forward with confidence to his future old

age, and insures that his family will be taken care of in the event of his disability or death."

EVERY regional office of the Veterans Bureau has been working under pressure in recent months to dispose of the thousands of claims for disability allowance made by service men unable to prove service origin of their disabilities. The amendment to the World War Veterans Act providing for disability allowances is phrased in simple terms and the act is so broad that claims are being handled rapidly. Most Legion posts have obtained supplies of the special application forms and are assisting possible beneficiaries to file claims. Here is the section of the new law applying to disability allowances:

"On and after the date of the approval of this amendatory act any honorably discharged ex-service man who entered the service prior to November 11, 1918, and served ninety days or more during the World War, and who is or may hereafter be suffering from a 25 percentum or more permanent disability, as defined by the director, not the result of his own willful misconduct, which was not acquired in the service during the World War, or for which compensation is not payable, shall be entitled to receive a disability allowance at the following rates: 25 percentum permanent disability, \$12 per month; 50 percentum permanent disability, \$18 per month; 75 percentum permanent disability, \$24 per month; total permanent disability, \$40 per month."

"No disability allowance payable under this paragraph shall commence prior to the date of the passage of this amendatory act or the date of application therefor, and such application shall be in such form as the director may prescribe: Provided, That no disability allowance under this paragraph shall be payable to any person not entitled to exemption from the payment of a Federal income tax for the year preceding the filing of application for such disability allowance under this paragraph. In any case in which the amount of compensation hereafter payable to any person for permanent disability under the provisions of this act is less than the maximum amount of the disability allowance payable for a corresponding degree of disability under the provisions of this paragraph, then such person may receive such disability allowance in lieu of compensation. Nothing in this paragraph shall be construed to allow the payment to any person of both the disability allowance and compensation during the same period; and all payments made to any person for a period covered by a new or increased award of disability allowance or compensation shall be deducted from the amount payable under such new or increased award as



used in Title I and V of the World War Veterans Act, 1924, as amended, the term 'compensation' shall be deemed to include the term 'disability allowance' as used in this paragraph."

**WHILE** we are unable to conduct a general missing persons column, we stand ready to assist in locating men whose statements are required in support of various claims. Queries and responses should be directed to the Legion's National Rehabilitation Committee, 600 Bond Building, Washington, D. C. The committee wants information in the following cases:

**SIXTH INF., Co. G**—Former members of this company who remember Floyd B. JENSEN, who enlisted at Salina, Kan., Mar. 17, 1917, went to Ft. Logan, Colo., then to El Paso, Tex. He went A. W. O. L. from hospital in El Paso to rejoin his outfit en route to Chicago and Syracuse, N. Y., and shortly afterward died of pneumonia in Syracuse.

**SEVENTH INF., THIRD DIV.**—Medical officers on duty at Field Hospital No. 128 in Oct., 1918, who may remember Chris VALENTINE as a patient.

**NINTH INF., Co. K, SECOND DIV.**—Former officers and men who remember disability to Howard J. HUNTER.

**23D INF., Co. F**—Ex-Sgt. Charles E. LANDER, ex-Pvt. Walter F. MCCLURE and other men who remember disability to H. G. MORGAN.

**47TH INF., Hq. Co., FOURTH DIV.**—Former Capt. Allen B. CLAYTON, C. O., in connection with disability claims of Edward A. FELTZ and another man of his company.

**61ST INF., Co. A**—Former members who remember ear disability to J. C. CALDER, while outfit was in Musson, Belgium. Also detail of officer stationed at Differdange, Luxembourg, during Feb., 1919.

**350TH INF., Co. G**—Former members, especially Obie NEEL, Joseph BOOTEN, PITTMAN, KELLY and LARSON who remember Cpl. Sherman E. PRICE who was made ill by poisoned canned food while in France. Price died in U. S. Vets. Hosp., No. 92, Jefferson Barracks, Mo., in 1929 and effort is being made to establish compensation claim of widow.

**348TH M. G. BN., Co. A, 91st DIV.**—Capt. Shepard HISCOX and 1st Lt. Robert E. GARNER in connection with claim for gas disability to Walter G. MUSTARD.

**323D F. A., BTRY, A, 32D DIV.**—John Vincent CARROLL became mentally deranged and disappeared June 6, 1930, from Rutland Heights, Mass., hospital where he worked as an attendant. Five feet 8 inches tall; weight, 165 to 170 lbs.; smooth shaven; wore striped brown suit, brown shoes, soft gray hat. Information regarding whereabouts wanted.

**FOURTH Co., C. A. C.**—Ex-barber C. S. LEWIS requires statements from Mess Sgt. ANABLE, stationed at Ft. Morgan, Ala., Cpl. CROOKE who went to France on *Great Northern* in Sept., 1918, and others remembering him. He was in hospital at Brest, France, in Oct., 1918.

**50TH ART., BTRY, E, C. A. C.**—Floyd R. BURGESS needs statement from Harry FOX.

**56TH ART., BTRY, F, C. A. C.**—Roy J. SCOTT requires affidavits from medical officers and men, and comrades who were in Duvon, France, in Dec., 1918, just before moving to Brest.

**23D ENGRS., Co. A**—Former members, particularly Austin OBERWETTER, Scotty MILLIGAN,

Louis KEARNS and Joe MARZ, who remember back disability to Harry E. WHITTLE in 1918.

**60TH ENGRS.**—Joe MURRAY, John J. KIRBY, Henry FERGUSON and other men, mustered out of service with 69th Transportation Corps, who remember injury to J. R. RICHART.

**U. S. MARINES, 80TH Co., SIXTH REG.**—Original members, also Marines who served at Paris Island, S. C., in June or July, 1917, remembering disability to Albert MILLER.

**19TH MOTOR AMB. Co., FOURTH SAN. TRN.**—Former members who remember gas disability to William L. BREWTON during Meuse-Argonne Offensive, while on special detail evacuating wounded. His co-worker, ex-Sgt. Clarence EATON, is now deceased.

**Hq. MOTOR COMMAND No. 1, A. P. O. 708, FRANCE, AND CAMP JESSUP, GA., 1919-1920**—Affidavits required from men who remember 1st Lt. Joseph B. CAMPBELL, M. T. C.

**U. S. S. Reina Mercedes and N. A. Rifle Range**—Former shipmates who can assist Thomas Jefferson M. MALOTT in establishing disability claim.

**DOCK No. 4, ST. NAZAIRE, FRANCE**—Sgt. H. E. LENOX requires statement from former 1st Lt. BURKE in charge of Dock 4.

**PROV. CASUAL BN., Co. C, CAMP SEVIER, N. C.**—Statements from Carl GATCHELL and William J. GIVENS, 1st Lt., Inf., U. S. N. G., commanding Co. C, and Maj. A. E. LEGARE, Inf., in support of claim of Otto O. WEST.

**WILSON, James Morton, ex-pvt., 46th Co., 166th Depot Brig., Camp Kearny, Calif.** This man is wanted in connection with settlement of estate of his late father, resident of Scotland.

**LAWRENCE, Elmer, 33 yrs. old, blue eyes, light hair, 6 ft. tall, weight 140.** Discharged from Camp Holabird, Md., with mental disability. Mrs. Lawrence wants to locate him.

**COHLIN, Charles, ex-pvt., 1st, 7th Casual Co., Mitchell Field, L. I., N. Y.** Compensation for disability of tuberculosis is awaiting this man.

**BRADLEY, Lee I.**—Requires statements from men who were sent to guard Russian prison camp at Stuttgart, Germany, in February, 1919. Bradley was personal orderly to Lt. GABEL, in charge of camp.

**JOHNSON, Homer, ex-pvt., Co. H, 804th P'oneer Inf., escaped from City Sanitarium, St. Louis, Mo., Aug. 21, 1929.**

**MACKESSY, Martin, ex-pvt., Sup. Co., 38th Inf., 45 yrs. old, ruddy complexion, blue eyes, grayish hair, weight about 140, 5 feet 5 inches.** Missing since Nov. 1, 1929.

**SHERMAN, Walter A., 5 feet 4 inches, weight 122, sandy hair, brown eyes, age about 33.** Veteran, probably mentally deranged, missing since Jan. 6, 1930. Was in Morgantown, W. Va., and Youngstown, Ohio.

**WATKINS, Solomon G., ex-mechanic, 304th Serv. Bn., 42 years old, 5 feet 7½ inches, olive complexion, dark brown hair.** Disappeared from Cleveland, Ohio, Oct. 17, 1929.

**KHINEL, Joseph Earl, left U. S. Vets. Hosp., Augusta, Ga., May 10, 1929.**

**BLAKE, William C., 5 feet 11 inches, dark brown hair and eyes, ruddy complexion, printer by trade.** Left Edward Hines, Jr., Hospital, Maywood, Ill., about Feb., 1929.

**LOCKMAN, Allen, veteran, 4 feet 7¼ inches, ruddy complexion, gray-blue eyes, dark brown hair, weight 145.** Insane. Left home in Milwaukee, July 10, 1929.

**DONDER, Charles, curly black hair, brown eyes, 6 feet tall, weight 135.** Gassed during service and extremely nervous. Missing since May, 1928.

**SIMPSON, Isaac Gordon, ex-pvt., Co M, 70th Inf., 10th Div. Discharged from Camp Funston, Kan., Nov., 1918, account mental disability.** Five feet 9 inches, weight 130, blue eyes, dark hair and complexion. Disappeared from U. S. Vets. Hosp., North Little Rock, Ark., July 19, 1923.



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## Then and Now

(Continued from page 61)

**319TH SUPPLY Co., Q. M. C.**—To complete roster, report to Milton Gordon, 1082 Melbourne, Atlantic City, N. J.

**413TH MOTOR SUPPLY TRN.**—Members interested in veterans' society and proposed reunion, address Frank Dooley, Room 407, 64 W. Randolph st., Chicago, Ill.

**3d TRENCH MORTAR BN., C. A. C., BTRY, C**—To complete roster for proposed reunion, address John C. Wilson, c/o City Hall, Abilene, Texas.

**638TH AERO SQDRN.**—Boston, Mass., Nov. 9-11. Paul W. Stafstrom, Box 237, Oakville, Conn.

**6TH MARINES, 97TH Co.**—To complete roster, write to W. M. Rasmussen, 1342 Morse ave., Chicago, Ill.

**MED. DEPT. REPAIR SHOP No. 1**—To complete roster, report to John B. Keeler, 722 Sansom st., Philadelphia, Pa.

**20TH INF. ASSOC.**—Organized in Mar. Former members report to H. G. Harding, 743 McClelland st., Salt Lake City, Utah.

**BASE Hosp. No. 116**—Twelfth annual reunion. Hotel McAlpin, New York City. Nov. 8. Address Dr. Torr W. Harmer, 416 Marlborough st., Boston, Mass.

**EVAC. Hosp. No. 8**—Tenth reunion—Brunswick Hotel, Boston, Mass., Oct. 11. Herman C. Idler, 1500 E. Susquehanna ave., Philadelphia, Pa.

**EVAC. Hosp. No. 37**—Reunion Nov. 22, in Chicago. Address Herman J. Worst, 1334 W. 64th st., Chicago, Ill.

**U. S. S. Leviathan VETS. ASSOC.**—To complete roster, address Frank E. O'Brien, Room 1513, 31 Nassau st., New York City.

**U. S. S. Aloha**—Reunion dinner, New York City, Nov. 10. Address Godfrey von Hofe, 24 Colonial ave., Forest Hills, L. I., N. Y.

**U. S. S. Ozizaba CLUB**—Former members interested in proposed reunion, address Robert C. Wassmann, 5464 Harper ave., Chicago, Ill.

THE COMPANY CLERK



# THE MESSAGE CENTER

THE most important announcement which the Monthly has ever had the privilege of making to its readers appears on pages sixteen to nineteen of this issue. The story of the World War as it appeared in the eyes and mind of the man who had more to do with directing America's participation in it than any other person is obviously of special concern to the Legionnaire. It is an engrossing story to anyone, particularly any American, but it will give the Legionnaire the opportunity to see the wheels go round as no soldier, and few veterans, have ever been privileged to do before.

WE HAVE only seen Newton D. Baker once. That was in Paris, not long after the Armistice, as we recall, when he visited the office of *The Stars and Stripes*. Leaning back against the corner of Major Mark S. Watson's desk with his hands in his pockets, he made to that disembattled staff as fine an impromptu talk as we have ever heard. Its very informality and casualness only added to its impressiveness. At the end—it lasted perhaps five minutes—everyone applauded, and the uproar aroused Tip Bliss's dog Rags, who had been sleeping under a desk, and who joined in with a heartiness that put everyone else's efforts to shame. More than that, Rags made a beeline for Mr. Baker, who, not being in uniform, was a more conspicuous object than any other human being in sight, and for a few seconds it looked as if Mr. Baker was going to be the only Secretary of War in American history who was ever bitten by a mascot. A few weeks later General Pershing favored the staff with a visit, also made a short and intimate talk, and also was applauded lustily, with an identical reaction on Rags, who was sleeping under the identical desk. General Pershing was not in such peril, however, as he had the advantage of wearing puttees. Rags, by the way, was one of ten thousand dogs representing ten million ancestries who was smuggled back to the States in defiance of nineteen or twenty general orders. Sometime since he went the way of all good dogs.

A MONTH ago this page announced the fact that 10,574 contributions were received during the six-months' course of the Big Moment contest. The contest had closed some three weeks before that figure was taken. Despite this, additional contributions have dribbled in since then to swell the total to 10,640. It may hit eleven thousand yet. Therefore there may be no harm in announcing once more that the final date for the receipt of contributions was June 20th.

THE following letter from Miss Ethel Farver of 801 Dayton Street, Akron, Ohio, contains an idea that is well worth passing on: "Mr. Carlyle S. Baer, sec-

retary of the American Society of Bookplate Collectors and Designers, has suggested to me that you might be interested in a bookplate which I have had made to use in a small memorial collection of books, presented to the Millersburg (Ohio) Library, in memory of my brother. Miss Corrinne Metz of the Akron Public Library compiled a list of books, historical, personal narrative, fiction and poetry, growing out of the World War from which the selection was made. My brother, Walter W. Farver, died at Camp Sherman on July 9, 1918. An older brother, Warren, went to France shortly before that time and was wounded in the Meuse Argonne. He is fully recovered, and has been active in Legion work here, and is captain in the National Guard at the present time. The bookplate which I am enclosing is inspired by the monument erected to the men of the Canadian Pacific who lost their lives in the War. It stands in Windsor Station, Montreal. The sculptor is Coeur de lion MacCarthy, of Montreal. I should be glad to exchange this plate for others." Below the reproduction of the monument which Miss Farver describes appears this text: "This book is presented to the Millersburg Public Library in memory of Walter W. Farver, 1895-1918, Co. A, 332d Inf., who was one of that vast company of American youth who braved hardship, endured suffering, and finally passed out of sight of men by the path of duty. Let those who come after see to it that their names be not forgotten."

REVERTING, if we may, to the Big Moment contest, we should like to pass on the announcement that Cudworth Post of the Legion of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, planned to hold a Big Moment night during September, the details of which we shall await with interest. It was planned to serve an old-time army meal in old-time army style before the feast of old-time memories.

FOLLOWERS of Hugh Wiley's Rabble Gang, whose overseas adventures were joyously celebrated in "Here's Luck," will welcome the reappearance of several of the members thereof in "Stranded." Mr. Wiley knows his concrete as well as his war, though his engineering prowess is not emblazoned in "Who's Who in America," in which valuable compendium Mr. Wiley's five-line biography appears to have the record for brevity. This is Mr. Wiley's fault or his modesty or both.

TWENTY years of service to his profession have made David Lawrence one of the best-known newspapermen in America. A native of Philadelphia and a graduate of Princeton, he joined the Washington staff of the Associated Press in 1910, and the following year went to Mexico to cover the Madero revolution,

which was followed in 1912 by the Orozco revolution. In the summer of that year he was assigned to Sea Girt, New Jersey, where Governor Woodrow Wilson was directing the campaign that elected him to the Presidency, and during the two succeeding years Mr. Lawrence accompanied the new President as Associated Press representative. At the outbreak of the World War he was put in charge of news for the Associated Press relative to neutrality and relations with Germany. From the end of 1916 to the fall of 1919 Mr. Lawrence was Washington correspondent of the *New York Evening Post*, and accompanied the American peace delegates to Paris. In 1919 he organized and became president of the Consolidated Press Association, and since 1926 he has also been editor and president of the *United States Daily*.

COMMODORE HERBERT HARTLEY can look back on a long maritime career which had as its high spot the command of the *Leviathan*. . . . John W. Heisman is an old-time coach who intimates something of his history in "Trifles Light as Air." Every man who wears a gold football will recall his prowess. . . . Dr. P. J. H. Farrell's remarkably interesting and varied career is summarized beneath his portrait. As Commander of Medical Post in Chicago he has been active in Legion emergency relief work. . . . We fear that Mr. Wallgren exaggerates somewhat in his convention cartoon the ubiquity of the bean as an article of Bostonian diet, but we are glad that he does not attempt to give a new lease of life to the dirty rotten lie that all New Englanders eat pie for breakfast. Our own career includes a quarter century of New England, and in all that time we had pie for breakfast only once. It was apple.

BOSTON is not the first beantown in which the Legion had held a national convention. Two years ago it was San Antonio, where the Mexican jumping bean at least feels at home even if he is not exactly a native. Massachusetts being a much more compact region than Texas, and space being at more of a premium, the local bean has of necessity been trained to stand without hitching.

WE UNDERSTAND that the competent and diligent Boston Convention Committee is making provision to establish booths throughout the city where visiting delegates from the Middle and Far West can check their r's.

*The Editor*



# A Girl Without A Name



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## This Offer Open to Everyone

We want you to help us select a name for a new Body Dusting Powder we are putting on the market. We feel sure you have in mind some name either simple or fancy . . . or you can suggest one after a few moments' thought. It makes no difference who you are or where you live, you can win this \$1,000.00 cash and a Free trip to the famous city of Hollywood by simply sending us the most suitable name for our new Body Powder at once. This is all you have to do to win. Can you think of an easier way to make \$1,000.00 and secure a Free Trip to the land of Movie Stars with all expenses paid?



## Free Trip to Hollywood

for

### Promptness

Can you think of anything more pleasant than a trip to the famous city of movie stars, with all expenses paid—to spend a whole delightful week, have a private car and chauffeur at your command, see the show places of Hollywood, Los Angeles, and ocean beaches—observe a picture in the making, and see the famous stars? This is your opportunity. Send a name at once, be the winner, spend a glorious vacation at our expense. When it's over, return with our check for \$1,000.00 in your pocket. If you are unable to come, we will send the \$1,000.00 and give you the cost of the trip in cash. We hope you can come, and make this the greatest event of your life.

Not a thing to buy, not a thing to sell to win both of these valuable prizes . . . \$1,000.00 cash and a Free Trip to Hollywood.

## ANY NAME MAY WIN

We have paid thousands of dollars in prizes, and usually the person who least expected to win received the prize. You, too, may win just by sending a name. It costs you nothing to try and your opportunity to win is just as good as anyone's, for any name may win. This body powder is to be used on the body just like face powder is used on the face. It is particularly soothing and pleasant after the bath, and gives the body an odor as alluring and fragrant as a fresh morning breeze from a Hollywood Flower Garden. In choosing a name you may use a coined word such as . . . Odorsweet, Fairytouch, Rosekist, etc., or the name of a flower, tree, bird, or any other name that comes to your mind may be submitted.

## Small Town Barber Wins \$1100 Cash

We recently offered \$1,000.00 for a name for our tooth paste and \$100.00 extra for promptness. Larry Donnelly, proprietor of a barber shop in a small town in Pennsylvania, submitted the name ACID-OFF. He did not think much of it, so imagine his surprise when notified that the judges selected this name as winner, and paid him \$1,100.00 cash. Larry's future was not very bright when he entered our contest, but now, with the cash in the bank, and the story of his success on the front page of the local newspaper, he practically became famous over night. You, too, have this same opportunity; the very name you have in mind now may bring you this splendid prize and glorious trip together with the same fame and fortune enjoyed by Larry. Wouldn't it be delightful to win? Wouldn't it be a startling surprise to your friends? Don't think you can't win for your opportunity is just as good as anyone's if you will send in a name. Do it right now! The very name you send may win.



## YOU CAN'T LOSE

because other contestants submit the winning name first, as we will give duplicate prizes to all who send the winning name. If the name you send wins, you will receive \$1,000.00 and, if prompt, the FREE trip, regardless of how many others submit the same name. This means you can't lose by others submitting the winning name first.

## Contest Rules

This contest is open to everyone except members of this firm, its employees and their relatives. Each contestant may send only one name. Sending two or more names will cause all names submitted by that person to be thrown out. The prize will be awarded to the one sending the name we choose from among those submitted. Contest closes December 20, 1930. Duplicate prizes will be given in case of ties.

To win the promptness prize of a free trip to Hollywood, the winning name suggested must be mailed within three days after our announcement is read.

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